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No. 981

SEPTEMBER 15, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

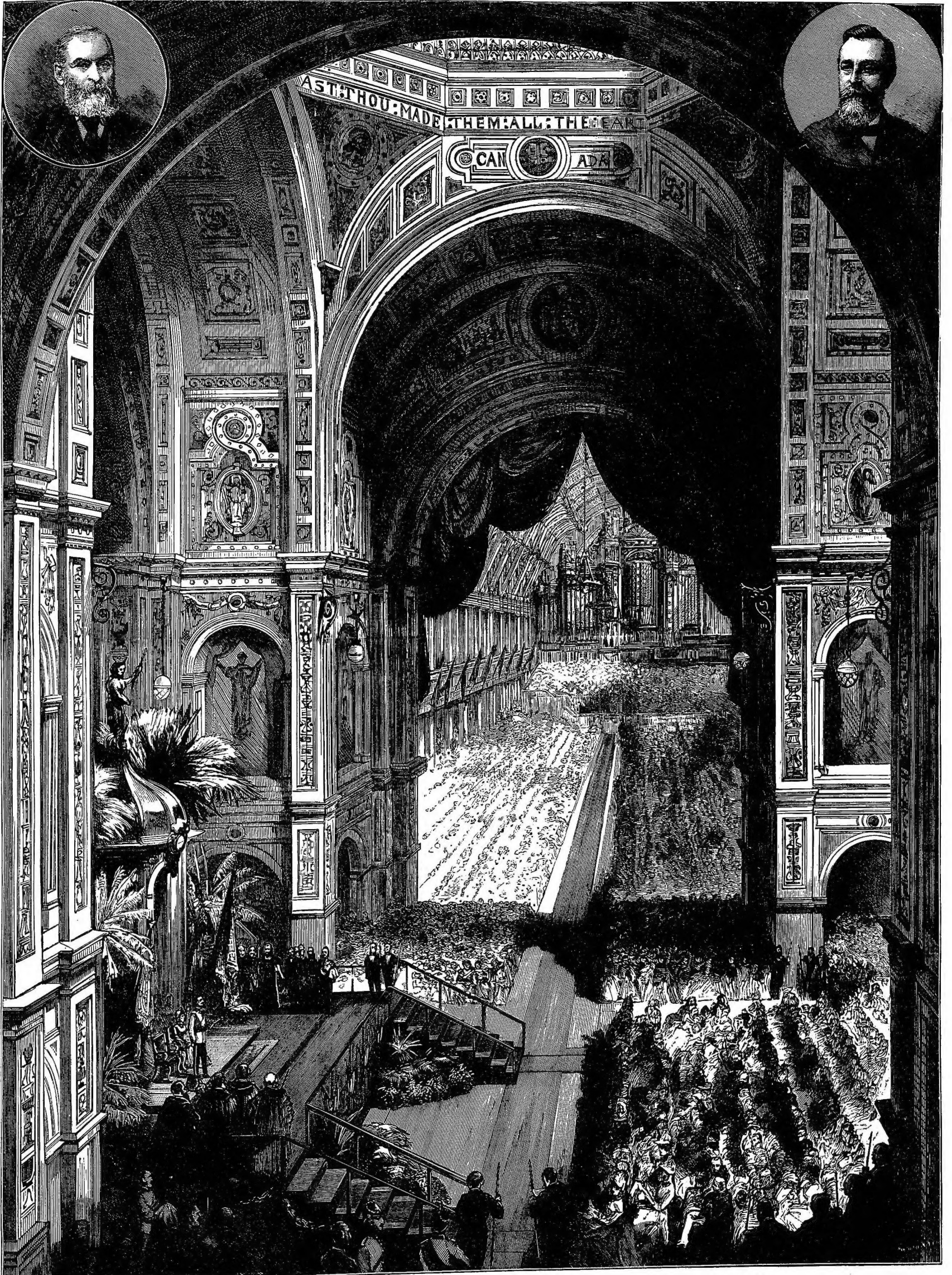
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888

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THE MELBOURNE CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION  
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## Topics of the Week

**BRITISH EAST AFRICA.**—All the world knows that England is, and always has been, the sport of circumstances in the matter of enlarging her Empire. Is it her fault if, from time to time, huge lumps of territory stick to her skirts? Is she to blame because so many ripe plums fall into her unconscious lap? Of course not; she is not acquisitive, not a bit greedy, not in the least like certain other Powers that might be mentioned. It may be hoped this unselfishness of hers will be duly recognised in the instance of British East Africa and the "Imperial" company just formed to farm it. This little addition covers about 50,000 square miles, including a fine stretch of maritime littoral, the best port south of Suakim, an outlet on the Victoria Nyanza, and unlimited rights of expansion to the west. It is true that the region, as it is at present, requires to be looked at with the eye of faith; its profitability lies all in the future. What, with the warlike Masai tribes, and the Arab men-stealers, the Company will have its hands full enough of hot work without trying to teach the natives the happiness which comes from wearing cotton cloths and sitting on chairs. Very wisely, the charter does not make the suppression of slavery, or even of the slave trade, a *sine qua non*. Wherever the "domestic institution" exists it will be tolerated, while slave-dealers are to be treated with as much tenderness as their detestable occupation admits of. It may be as well to commence in this conciliatory fashion, so as not to provoke the hostility of "vested interests" at the beginning. But as soon as the Company has established its stations, and made its power felt, slavery will be doomed. Did we not begin in this mild way in India, winking at suttee, Meriah sacrifices, Juggernaut processions, and other abominations? But with the strong hand came the strong will, and so it will be in East Africa. We may fairly count, too, on receiving German assistance in that righteous work, provided the British company does not get to loggerheads with the Teutonic. Surely, that can be avoided; there is ample room in the Dark Continent for the two nations to grow side by side to giant bulk without the slightest inconvenience to one or the other.

**COLONEL TURNER AND THE VANDELEUR EVICTIONS.**—A striking case of misinterpretation of the statement of an Irish official is brought to light in a letter published by the *Daily News* of Wednesday, from Colonel Turner, the well-known Divisional Magistrate for Clare and Kerry, who had recently to perform the painful duty of superintending the Vandeleur evictions. In a conversation with the Special Correspondent of that journal, to the "substantial accuracy" of whose report of what was said he bears willing testimony, Colonel Turner made a remark implying that he sympathised with the evicted tenants. It was natural, under the circumstances, to suppose that he felt this sympathy because he considered the tenants to have been unjustly evicted. This was the construction excusably put upon his words, with the inevitable comment that the grievances of the Vandeleur tenants must have been genuine indeed when their eviction extorted an expression of sympathy from the very magistrate who had evicted them. But nothing, according to Colonel Turner's explanation, can be more erroneous than this construction and this comment. He had, indeed, sympathised with the tenants, but it was because he regarded them as the victims of the Plan of Campaign. They had been ordered to join in it, and had been publicly threatened with the usual consequences in the event of disobedience. Colonel Turner is a man of undoubted probity and honour, whom even his critic acknowledges to have acted temperately and considerately in the discharge of his duties. He will be believed, therefore, when he says, that not only were one and all of the Vandeleur tenants able to pay their rents, but that many of them owned to him a wish to settle, which only fear of the dire consequences deterred them from acting on. To show what coercion was exerted on them, Colonel Turner says, that one of them who had offered but little resistance, and whose release he had ordered, actually asked to be detained a prisoner, and to be handcuffed, in order that he might be considered by those whom he dreaded to have resisted eviction sufficiently. Surely these poor victims of a sleepless and ruthless terrorism, who allow themselves to be driven from house and home lest they should suffer still worse calamities if they disobey the mandates of the tyrants of the League, may claim from Englishmen, even though Home Rulers, a little of that pity which is lavished on Members of Parliament who suffer a few weeks' or months' confinement, to be lauded and rewarded at its close as heroes and martyrs, for deliberately encouraging the Plan of Campaign, and sanctioning the terrible penalties awaiting a refusal to join in it.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—"Quicquid agunt homines" might be the motto of the Association, to judge by the multifarious subjects which have, as usual, been discussed at its meetings. In many ways the Association has been particularly fortunate this year. Bath is itself interesting, and—more important, perhaps—is also convenient and fashionable. As to the weather—well, that has been the

best of a bad lot. It has not been too wet for excursions, nor too warm to prevent the indoor discussions from attracting numerous audiences to listen to the good things. And good they have certainly been. Sir Frederick Bramwell set a good example in his Presidential Address upon "Next to Nothing." Couched in popular and witty language, and dealing with a subject which every one could to some extent comprehend, it was equally attractive to specialists and to the general public. To a great extent the same may be said of the papers which followed. Even chemical instruction was seen to have its humorous side when a well-known school-master announced that with small boys he always began with "Gunpowder," and in gunpowder with the squib. Sir John Lubbock, of course, was equally at home with "Savages" and insects (especially that wonderful wasp which paralyses his caterpillar-victim in order at once to render him helpless, and yet keep him good for food); while, talking of wasps, the ladies were provided with plenty of food for reflection and conversation by the animated conflict over "Tight-Lacing." Taking them all round, however, the numerous papers on Electricity, of which we still know so little, though we hear so much, were most generally interesting; and of these Professor Ayrton's discourse on "The Electric Transmission of Power" obtained most attention. Heat and power (besides light, when the fatal Electric Lighting Act shall have removed its ban) laid on to our houses like gas, railways upon which collisions will be absolutely impossible, and various other wonders, are promised us in the sweet by-and-by. For which (in advance) we tender our best thanks.

**THE CLEVELAND MANIFESTO.**—As a party programme, the manifesto just put forth by President Cleveland is decidedly clever. Very prudently, it omits any reference to the Fisheries Treaty; the President probably considered that he had done enough in the way of spread-eagleism to spoil Mr. Blaine's little game in that connection. But the present electoral appeal is by no means a thing of shreds and patches; what it does say, it says right out in language about which there can be no mistake. Mr. Cleveland scornfully scouts the notion that he has entered on a crusade in favour of Free Trade. He has not the slightest idea of playing Don Quixote for the benefit of the Republican party. All he proposes is to free from duty all raw materials used in American manufactures, with a view to stimulate native industries. That undertaking has the makings of a good party cry for the working-classes, but it will scarcely please the producers of such raw materials—say, coal and iron—as are now protected against foreign competition. But their votes are comparatively few, whereas those of the masses weigh heavily in the scale. All through, the appeal is skilfully traced on the same lines; it seeks to conciliate the many at the expense of the few. But the strongest argument is reserved for the conclusion, where the President contrasts in a single sentence, the heavy burdens placed upon the people in order to raise an amount of revenue which is a standing embarrassment to the Republic. That is undoubtedly the effect of the present financial system; the inhabitants of the States submit to onerous taxation not, as in New Zealand, to secure future prosperity, but actually, as Mr. Cleveland states, to bring upon themselves distress and disaster. The currency question will become, unless some remedy be quickly adopted to reduce the revenue, the question of questions, and the Republicans having shown timidity in attacking it, the Democrats are wise to make revenue reform the leading plank of their platform. It remains to be seen whether the President's recantation of Free Trade will have the desired effect.

**BANKRUPTCY AND ITS STATISTICS.**—The Board of Trade's Report on the operations conducted under the Bankruptcy Act in 1887-8 bears, on the whole, very favourable testimony to the working of Mr. Chamberlain's measure of 1883. Various defects in it, especially as construed by Courts of Law, are shown to have contributed to the unsatisfactory state of things disclosed in the figures, which indicate that in London at least the percentage of assets to liabilities has considerably diminished during the last three years. But these defects can be easily remedied by a little legislation, and the Inspector-General of Bankruptcy, who points them out very frankly, states distinctly that the amount of loss to creditors under Mr. Chamberlain's Act falls far short of that sustained by them under the previous system. One of the most generally interesting sections of the Report details the number of receiving orders gazetted during 1886 and 1887 in the principal trades and occupations. Some of these, which are considered the least risky and the most profitable, show an increase of failures. Publicans are frequently denounced as making enormous profits at the expense of the health and well-being of the community, and the alleged exorbitant charges of hotel-keepers have long been a favourite theme of newspaper correspondents, especially in the silly season. But publicans and hotel-keepers head the list of bankruptcies with 331 in 1886, which increased to 342 in 1887. Only a little below them come the builders, with 255 bankruptcies in 1886, increased to 289 in 1887, which the Report attributes to a growing amount of speculative operations conducted chiefly upon borrowed money, while at the very bottom of the list figure the brick and tile makers, who furnish the builders with so much of their raw material, and among whom there were only 14 bankrupt-

cies in 1886, with exactly the same number in 1887. The bankruptcies of butchers, often accused of appropriating what should go into the pockets of their customers, rose from 81 in 1886 to 101 in 1887, and those of bakers from 104 to 128. Among the very few staple occupations of the country which show a positive diminution of bankruptcies is that of the agriculturist. There were in his class, in 1886, 332 failures, and these, in 1887, fell to 295, a diminution of some 11 per cent., which, though slight, is very welcome, and may prove to be the harbinger of better days for the long depressed British farmer.

**THE NEW INDIAN WAR.**—It is only a little conflict that Lord Dufferin has just made a beginning with. But small as it looks, the Black Mountain campaign may give a deal of trouble before it ends. The Umbeyla affair looked even more trifling at the outset, but, owing to the sympathy and help it received from disaffected Mahomedans in India, it cost us heavily in life and treasure. There is not much reason to fear that the Black Mountaineers will be similarly assisted; they have never had any relations, except of hostility, with the people of India. True sons of Ishmael are they; fierce fighters, daring robbers, proud of their independence, and hearty haters of both Christians and Hindoos. It is believed too, that they can put a considerable force in the field, and although their troops are badly armed, not drilled at all, and resentful of discipline, they are not to be despised for mountain fighting. The Sikhs, when they ruled the Punjab, were engaged in chronic hostilities with these predatory clansmen, but when the power of the Khalsa disappeared at Goojerat, the victors decided that to claim the Black Mountain as part of the spoils of conquest would be unwise. It was probably hoped that when the hill-men found the English inclined to leave them alone, they would reciprocate by keeping on their own side of the boundary. But from almost the very first they showed a strong distaste for friendly relations. Plunder and raid they would, whatever came of it, and by this policy they faithfully abided until the cup of their wrong-doing overflowed, in the recent attack on our troops. That outrage could not be overlooked; it brought matters to a climax, and compelled Lord Dufferin to do what ought to have been done years ago. A punitive expedition, some 8,000 strong, will march into the hostile country at the beginning of next month, and unless the tribes fall back and adopt Fabian tactics, they will receive such a severe lesson as should serve them for many a year. Even if they retire, the burning of their villages and destruction of their wells cannot but open their minds to the expediency of leaving the English alone for the future.

**THE MATTHEW ARNOLD MEMORIAL.**—Lord Coleridge has thrown out a timely reminder that the subscribers to this memorial will be summoned to meet in November to decide on the application and apportionment of the fund, which it is hoped and believed will be worthy of the purpose for which it is being raised. Intending subscribers will, doubtless, act on the hint conveyed in Lord Coleridge's intimation. It was judiciously arranged, when the memorial was projected, that the objects proposed to be aimed at should be distinctly stated. They were three in number—the erection of a permanent memorial in Westminster Abbey, a provision for Mr. Arnold's widow, and, if possible, the endowment of an Arnold Scholarship or Lectureship at his beloved Oxford, for the promotion of the study of English literature. His many friends and admirers were thus enabled to indicate whether they wished their subscriptions to be devoted to one, or two, or to all three of these objects. It seems that the bulk of the actual subscribers have signified their desire to promote the first two of them. Lord Coleridge has, rather unfortunately, allowed himself to speak with something like asperity of the First Lord of the Treasury for not continuing to his widow Mr. Arnold's Civil List Pension, or any portion of it. Journals the most opposed to Mr. Smith in politics have creditably declined to echo Lord Coleridge's implied censure on him, and have rightly attributed Mr. Smith's provisional decision to the insufficiency of the fund at his disposal to meet claims on it more urgent than Mrs. Arnold's. A glance at the Civil List Pensions granted this year will disclose how small is the relief that the First Lord of the Treasury has it in his power to bestow on meritorious authors and artists, or their surviving relatives, the majority of whom are described as being "in a destitute condition," which happily cannot be predicated of Matthew Arnold's widow.

**DANGEROUS AMUSEMENTS.**—Within the last few days there have been three serious accidents at three different places of entertainment, all due to what we may fairly call dangerous amusements. In the afternoon of Thursday last week a charioteer was run over and killed in the arena at the Italian Exhibition; on the same day, and almost at the same hour, a serious collision occurred between two cars of the "Roller Coaster Railway" at the Crystal Palace, resulting in more or less serious injuries to five persons; and lastly at Blackpool on Monday seven persons who were experiencing a lately-introduced sensation known as "The Aerial Flight" were thrown out of a car, owing to the breaking of a wire rope, and considerably hurt. Now not one of these people—except, perhaps, the unfortunate charioteer—deserves very much sympathy. Those who engage in these new-



OUR TEA.—Of late years we have rather begun to pride ourselves on the quality of what we may call—seeing to how great an extent “the cup which cheers” has usurped the place of that which inebriates—our national drink. Maid-servants have at last discovered that boiling water is essential to a good brew; housewives have become more liberal in the size and number of their spoonfuls; and India and Ceylon have entered into competition with the land of Hyson and Pekoe, and so brought down the price and, as we fondly believed, improved the quality. We were happy and contented, and took a second cup with confidence. Alas! on Monday a letter and a leading article disturbed us in our fool’s paradise. The letter said that the tea for which the British washerwoman paid a shilling a pound smelt like shoe-leather and tasted like tallow; the leading article as good as said that all our cheap tea was tarred with the same brush or steeped in the same tallow. Happily subsequent letters on the subject have brought a certain amount of comfort. Mincing Lane assures us that cheap tea is not necessarily nasty, and has even mentioned an article which, though sold (wholesale), at only 4*d.* a pound, made very fair drinking. Probably, as in most cases, the truth is somewhere between the extremes of optimists and pessimists. Most of us from our own experience know that tea has improved in quality, and that we can now get for two shillings what a few years ago would have cost us three. But it would be rash to assert that there is no adulteration, for that there always has been. Even in Dr. Johnson’s time, when tea was almost as many shillings a pound as it is pence to-day, there was adulteration, and we may be sure that the Doctor sometimes drank some queer stuff before he got to the end of his tether (reputed to be thirty-seven cups). On the whole, then, there seems no great reason for anxiety on behalf of the British washerwoman. That excellent lady may be trusted to get good value for her money.

PARLIAMENT, THE PRESS, AND THE PLATFORM.—The *Times* has completed its interesting history of Parliamentary reporting in which is re-told the story of the long and arduous struggle which ended in securing for the Press liberty to report freely the proceedings and debates of Parliament. Things have changed, indeed, since the time when, mainly through the difficulties of access to Parliament, Samuel Johnson, to the great subsequent disturbance of his conscience, was tempted to invent much of the Senatorial oratory which he professed to report for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, so that long afterwards, at a brilliant dinner-party, when one of his fellow-guests praised a certain speech by the first William Pitt as the best he had ever read, Johnson startled the company by saying, "Sir, I wrote it in Exeter Street." But it is curious to note that now, when there is the most perfect freedom of Parliamentary reporting, and almost every facility for it is given by Parliament itself, the public interest in Parliamentary debates is steadily declining. One or two London journals pride themselves on the copiousness of their Parliamentary reports, but the majority of readers are satisfied with the summaries of them which they judiciously supply, while those which have the largest, or most general, circulation confine them within the narrowest limits decently possible. The truth is that the liberty of the Press having brought with it not only perfect freedom of reporting, but perfect freedom of statement and comment, political opinion is expressed both more succinctly and more attractively in leading articles than in the great bulk of Parliamentary speeches. Not only so, but it is on the platform, far more than in Parliament, that statesmen and prominent politicians themselves, unfettered by the rules of either House, and not restricted to the discussion of any particular measure, declare their policy, defend the measures of their party, and attack those of their opponents. It is at Newport or Nottingham, or on some provincial platform, that a Salisbury and a Gladstone unfold the programmes for which the country is waiting with eager expectancy. For one spirited and elaborate speech made by them in the House of Commons, the Harcourts, the John Morleys, and the Randolph Churchills deliver a dozen out of Westminster. The Press and the platform are more and more absorbing the functions once discharged in Parliament alone, and the interest taken by the public in Parliamentary debates dwindles accordingly.

AN "ARBOR DAY" FOR LONDON.—With a view to remedying the waste caused by the reckless cutting-down of trees, a voluntary tree-planting movement was begun in the State of Nebraska about fifteen years ago. One day in every year was set apart for the business, and called "Arbor Day," and that day local authorities, notabilities, and people in general celebrate by planting trees. The example has been followed by several other of the Western States, with the result that a considerable territory has been re-afforested. The success which has attended "Arbor Day" in America makes one wonder whether, like so many other Transatlantic products, it would bear transplantation to this country. Why should we not have an "Arbor Day"—on a small scale of course—in London? It is true that, compared with some other cities, the metropolis is not badly off for trees. Indeed, it has been lately asserted on good authority that in the entire list of trees and shrubs commonly grown in England the Metropolitan district, even excluding Kew, is better represented than any other district of similar size in the kingdom. But naturally these are found for the most part in the region of the parks. There are many parts of the town where a green leaf is almost unknown, and it is these which require an "Arbor Day." The various Vestries might mutually decide upon setting apart a day for the purpose, and on it planting a certain number of suitable young trees, and private beneficence would not fail to follow suit. In a few years' time, then, our dingy thoroughfares might be transformed into umbrageous boulevards. The mere possibility of such a result makes the experiment seem worth a trial.

NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "AN ASCENT OF THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS," written by Mr. H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.*

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" 20— 7.5 "	7.10 "	6.35 p.m.
" 21— 7.40 "	7.45 "	6.35 "

**FIXED SERVICE.**—Leaving Victoria <sup>8.20</sup> 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge <sup>8.35</sup> 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

**FARES**—London to Paris and back <sup>1st Class</sup> £2 17 0 and <sup>2nd Class</sup> £2 1 0 Available for Return within one month. (For the Night Service see p. 10)

A spacious and commodious Steamer has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort. The "Britany," "Normandy," "Paris" and "Rouen" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3 1/2 hours.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car will be run in the Special Day Tidal Train each way between Victoria and Newhaven.

**F**OR Full Particulars see Time Book, Tourist Programme, and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.

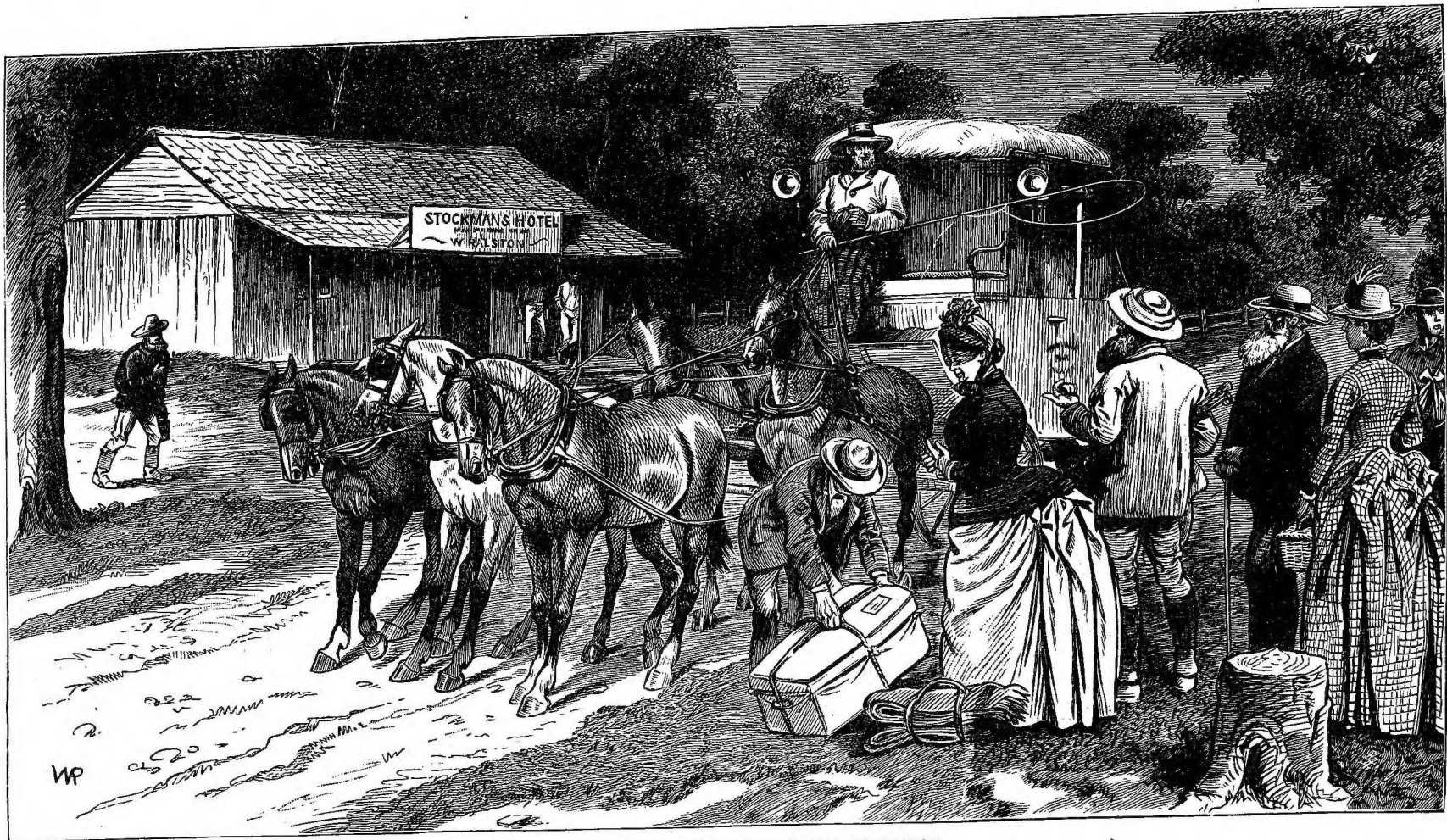
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



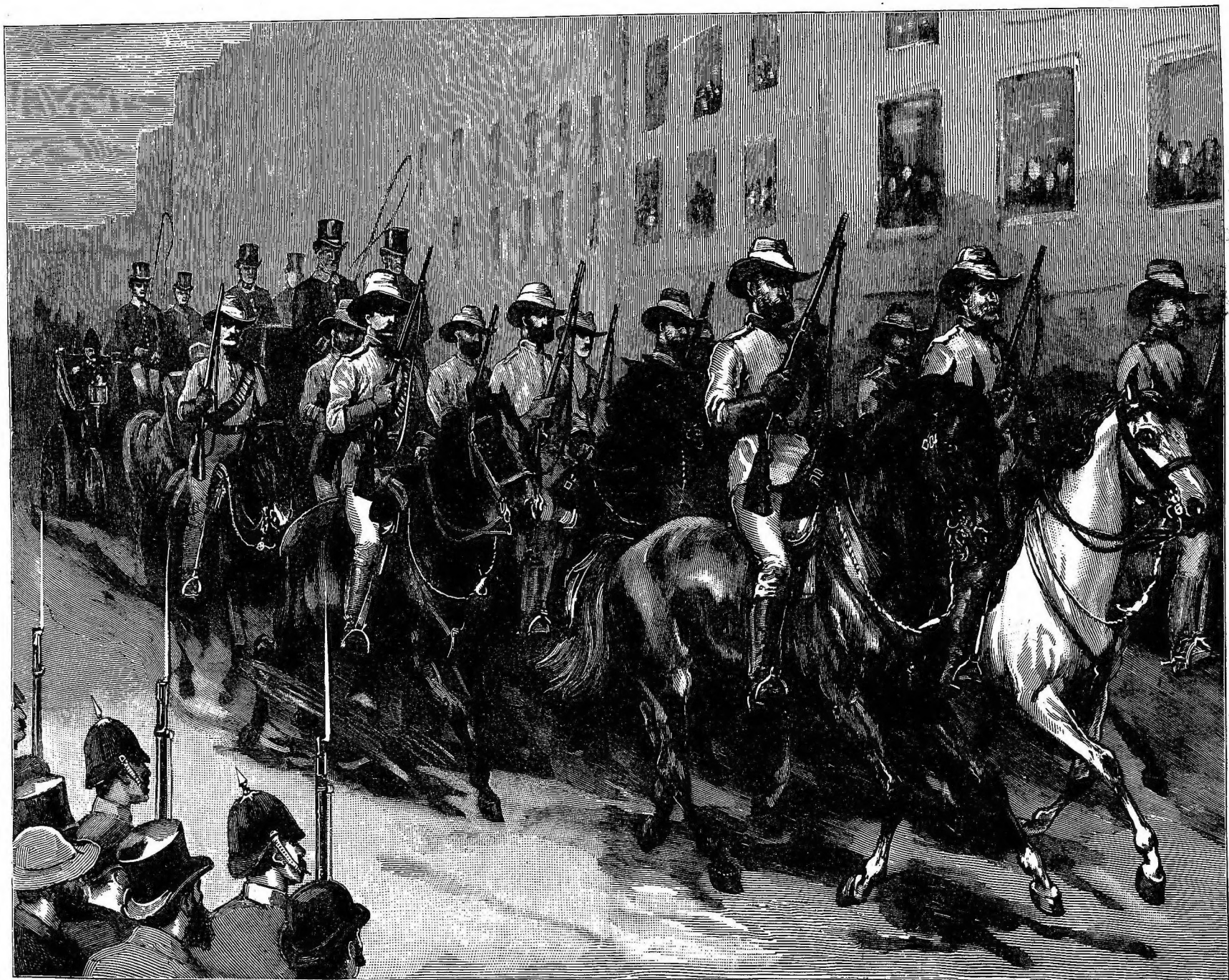
## THE OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION

THE Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition, as its name implies, has been organised to celebrate the centenary of Australian settlement. New South Wales, as the eldest of the colonies, gave a brilliant series of *fêtes* early in the year to celebrate the occasion, and now Victoria has opened a World's Fair on a large scale in honour of the event. The Exhibition was first planned in 1886, and applications for space came in so fast that the original scheme was greatly extended, and the permanent building of the Exhibition of 1880 being used as a nucleus, structures were erected until the buildings covered upwards of thirty-five acres—about an acre and a





UP-COUNTRY PEOPLE STARTING FOR THE EXHIBITION



MOUNTED INFANTRY ESCORTING THE GOVERNOR TO THE EXHIBITION

THE MELBOURNE CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION





THE WEDDING OF LADY BLOSSOM TSENG, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS TSENG, AND MR. WOO, AT PEKIN  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE CEREMONY  
(The Emblem behind each Portrait is the Word "Felicity," in Chinese Characters)



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF AMATEUR ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY—"WASHING-DAY"







the carriages, for it was almost unbearably hot, the thermometer registering 38 deg. Reaumur in the shade, which is almost 120 deg. Fahrenheit." Various methods have been adopted to screen the line from the insidious approach or sudden overspreading of this shifting sand, but the chief means of protection is the plantation of the saxoul root, which grows thickly on either side of the line. The bridge across the Oxus at Charjui we described last week, and our illustration shows the official opening ceremony. Our engravings are from photographs furnished by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, who thus describes the official train in which General Annenkoff lived during the construction of the line, and in which he carried about a moveable village of some 1,500 persons:—"Calling upon his Excellency in his own waggon, which he had inhabited for about three years, I found it consisted of offices and bedrooms, &c., for himself and his immediate staff of officers; while in the upper story was accommodation for servants. Linked to the General's carriage was a dining-saloon, wherein he entertained his officers and visitors daily. Next was a kitchen-waggon for the officers, and then three others for the soldiers; beyond which came waggons for various purposes—one as an ambulance, another for telegraphic communication, a third for a forge, and a fourth for a shop, and so on to between thirty and forty carriages, of which the greater part were for the housing at night of Russian soldiers and native workmen. This train was never allowed to be very far from the head of the line, and was moved forward as the rails were laid down."

MR. PICKWICK GOES TO FRANCE

BY MR. POTT

EVERYBODY has come across bicycle clubs; but it is not everybody who has met Mr. Pickwick riding a tricycle. Nevertheless Mr. Pickwick, true to his progressive instincts, is a cyclist, and has just returned from the most delightful tour in France with the members of his club. For when Mr. Pickwick gave up riding on coaches he started a bicycle club, the first, and to-day the oldest and most important, in the world.

He, or rather we, for I am the well-known Mr. Pott of the *Estatesville Gazette*, and Mr. Ben Allen, Mr. Bob Sawyer, Mr. Tracy Tupman, Mr. Nathaniel Pipkin, Gabriel Grubb, Count Smalltork, the Fat Boy, and Mr. Peter Magnus were bidden an affectionate farewell at London Bridge Station by Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and some of our other friends a few days ago, and started for Dieppe. It is true the British public, off for a holiday, did not on this occasion realise our greatness—for we are very modest—and merely complained that we monopolised two compartments. Mr. Pickwick carries his years wonderfully, as, in fact, we all do. On arriving in the harbour at Dieppe, we found there were a number of other cyclists on board who had not the good fortune to belong to the Pickwick Club. As was quite right and proper for people of our importance, we were met by members of a Paris club, who showed us around the town, which, though only known as a place in which to recover from or prepare for sea-sickness, is extremely picturesque. They then started with us on the route to Rouen. Mr. Pickwick, as usual, was brimful of antiquarian interests. Seconded by Ben Allen, he investigated the interior of every old *auberge* on the way. At Tates, for example, it took us quite two hours to study with him the marvellous kitchen of the Hotel du Cygne. So much interested was he, indeed, that we did not arrive in Rouen until late in the evening, though we were booked to get there by eleven or twelve. Here we were met by members of the Rouen Club, but Mr. Pickwick, remembering his adventure with Mr. Jingle, who is now, however, his very good friend, is shyer than of old with strangers. After investigating thoroughly the customs, manners, habits, and curiosities of Rouen, we departed the next morning for Gisors, where we were welcomed by a large delegation of French cyclists, who rode with us, or rather, wished to race against us, to Beauvais. Mr. Pickwick, of course, maintained his dignity, but the Fat Boy exposed himself by being beaten all to pieces, and was found lying by the roadside. However, the Frenchmen, by arriving long before us at Beauvais, had time to order a very good dinner, which was disposed of in a true Pickwickian spirit; so much so that I heard one Frenchman remark, "Vraiment, nous sommes en Angleterre." The next day we went to Amiens, where we were received by the Club Amienais, and the following day we returned to Dieppe.

That Mr. Pickwick should successfully conduct a party of ten of his fellow members through France, and bring them back delighted with the perfect roads, the polite people, and the moderate prices, is but another proof that France is the paradise of the cyclist, and Napoleon I. the road-maker, his patron saint.

AN ASCENT OF THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS

See pp. 297 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 301.

"ALONE IN LONDON"

THE dead season in London is by no means such a dull time as folk who take part in the fashionable exodus after Goodwood are prone to suppose. After the giddy whirl of the spring gaieties it is refreshing to find a little leisure on one's hands, and to have time to devote to those friends who may not be in the charmed circle of "society," but who are none the less agreeable and pleasant personages withal. So, indeed, thinks the gentleman whose experiences in town in August have been portrayed by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., on another page, and whose sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles.



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, made a vigorous Unionist speech at Ilkeston on Wednesday, in which he pronounced the Government to have been very successful in its endeavours to restore the reign of law and order in Ireland, and ascribed the honour of the success to Mr. Balfour. Having quoted from the speeches of Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. Redmond, M.P., passages in defence of the Plan of Campaign, and of boycotting, in connection with a remark that the English people might get tired of the Home Rule question, and give in from sheer weariness, the Duke of Rutland declared such a capitulation to be impossible so long as those declarations of opinion were maintained.

IRELAND.—Mr. Michael Davitt made a decidedly significant speech in Queen's County on Tuesday, indirectly testifying to the difficulties in which the Gladstonians find themselves when expected to pronounce in favour of the terrorism exercised under the Plan of Campaign, and to the indisposition of English members of that party to appear in Ireland and incite the peasantry to resist the law now that they know by experience that Mr. Balfour is no respecter of persons. Mr. Davitt is not satisfied with parallels between Ireland on the one hand and Poland and Galicia on the other. He declared that the cry, "Gloria Gladstone in Excelsis," had gone too far, and complained of the absence of the hundred English Liberals whose advent in Ireland he had expected, but who decline to risk incarceration by putting in an appearance and

making speeches that might subject them to punishment under the Crimes Act. To do Mr. Davitt justice he has the courage of his opinions, and he intimated that if the Gladstonians remained inert it might be necessary for the Irish to resort to physical force.—Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., have received the freedom of the City of Waterford, previously to which the former, in a speech of normal violence, proclaimed Mr. Balfour to be "a poor, battered, blatant failure and humbug."—The Plan of Campaign has been defeated on an estate in County Roscommon, the tenants on which more than a year ago refused a liberal offer from the landlord. Several agitators who incited them to "stick to the Plan" having been sent to prison in the interval, the tenants have accepted the landlord's original terms.—A meeting at Mitchelstown, to have been held there on the anniversary of its famous riot there, was "proclaimed," and measures were taken to prevent it. One in substitution of it, with which the authorities did not think it worth while to interfere, was held at a village about four miles from the town, but not a single M.P. cared to put in an appearance. In the evening, on the return of some cars to Mitchelstown, there was a collision with the police, to whom the rioters soon gave way.—The two sisters so cruelly boycotted in County Clare, for having held communication with the family of a boycotted constable (as previously mentioned in this column), are now penniless, and one of them has not recovered the reason which she lost through the ruthless vindictiveness of their persecutors. Colonel Alfred Turner, Divisional Magistrate for Clare and Kerry, will gladly receive subscriptions for the two girls sent to him at Ennis, County Clare.

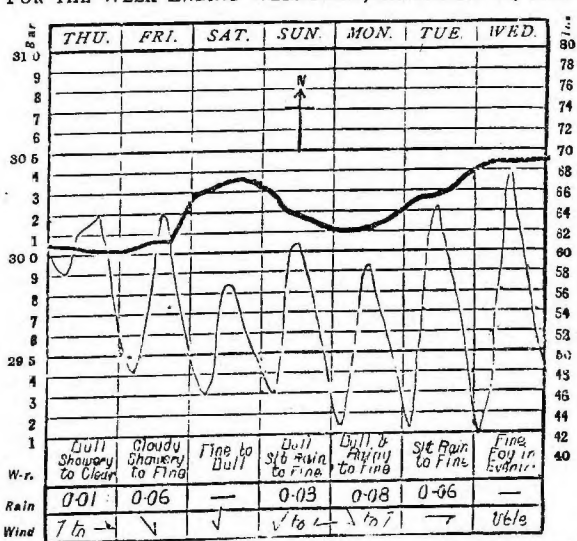
MISCELLANEOUS.—The demobilisation of the fleet was completed on Tuesday by the paying off of the *Inflexible* at Portsmouth.—The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam celebrated their golden wedding on Monday.—Nearly 3,000, the largest sum ever taken on a similar occasion, was received for admission fees to the recent Eisteddfod at Wrexham.—For the fourth time, the ratepayers of Hull have by a large majority refused to adopt the Public Free Libraries Acts. According to the Annual Report of the Library Association of Great Britain, submitted at its recent meeting in Glasgow, thirty-one communities had, during the past year, adopted those Acts.—The second annual "International" Exhibition of Sewing-Machines and Domestic Appliances has been open this week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Among the exhibits is one which claims to be the first sewing-machine ever made, constructed from the specification lodged in the Patent Office by Thomas Saint, a working man, so early as 1760.—A good deal of damage was done to the Pavilion wing of the Star and Garter, Richmond, by a fire which broke out on Saturday night.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-fourth year, of Lady Emilie Gray; in his eighty-second year, of Sir Edmund H. K. Lacon, twice M.P. for Yarmouth, and afterwards for North Norfolk, head of the firm of Lacon, Youell, and Co., bankers, and proprietor of the brewery at which is produced the well-known "Yarmouth Ale;" in his eighty-ninth year, of Sir Charles R. Rowley, Bart.; in his fifty-fourth year, of Major-General William H. Stansfield-Crompton, who, while with the 42nd Regiment, served throughout the Crimean Campaign; in his eighty-eighth year, of Colonel Herbert Mends, late of the 2nd West India Regiment, who distinguished himself in the Ashantee Wars of 1823-6; in his eighty-eighth year, of Captain Hemsley, R.N., who was present at the Battle of Navarino; in his forty-seventh year, of the Rev. G. M. St. Martin, Chaplain of Forces at Canterbury, who, as a military Chaplain, displayed the greatest gallantry at the Battle of Majuba Hill and other engagements with the Boers, and was honourably mentioned in the despatches of Sir George Colley and Sir Evelyn Wood; and in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. Thomas Holt, many years a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, and well known for his charitable work among the London poor.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease. The deaths last week numbered 1,316, against 1,342 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 26, and 130 below the average; while the death-rate further went down to 16 per 1,000. There were 131 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 13), 32 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8), 26 from measles (a decrease of 13), 19 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 4), 18 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 11 from enteric-fever (an increase of 1), 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 1), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 148 from 130, but were 21 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 32 deaths, of which 28 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,475 births registered, being a decrease of 33, and 264 below the usual return.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (12th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather experienced over the United Kingdom during this week, though moderately fair at times, has not been at all of a settled character. Showers have fallen from time to time, especially over the Western and Northern parts of the country, temperature has been low, and the amount of bright sunshine has not been large. During the first day or two the barometer was highest over France and Germany, lowest off our Northern Coast, and Westerly breezes prevailed very generally, but these speedily veered to the Northward over our Southern Counties as the barometer rose in the West and shallow depressions appeared over the North Sea. On Sunday (9th inst.) the barometer had become highest in the North, and lowest in the South, so that the dominant wind was Easterly, but gradually the conditions changed, and at the close of the week an anticyclone lay over us, and quite fine weather was general, with cold dewy nights, and rather cold days.

The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Wednesday (12th inst.); lowest (29.52 inches) at midnight on the previous Thursday (6th inst.); range 0.95 inch. The temperature was highest (68°) on Wednesday afternoon (12th inst.); lowest (42°) on Wednesday morning (12th inst.); range 26°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.24 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.08 inch on Monday (10th inst.)



RINGING THE CURFEW-BELL is revived at Stratford-on-Avon. The bell now used was tolled at Shakespeare's funeral.

A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER in the TICHBORNE CASE—JEAN LUIE—has just been heard of in Sydney. His seven years' penal servitude has broken him down considerably, and from a hale, hearty man he has now become partially bald, grey, and generally unpropitious. He still asserts that he suffered unjustly for his connection with the trial.

THE HABIT OF TAKING MORPHIA is increasing in France to a dangerous extent. Among some wealthier circles it has become quite a fashionable custom, and the most inveterate "morphia-maniacs" habitually carry about with them a tiny phial of the drug and a small syringe concealed in a cigarette-case, a scent bottle, work-case, or some other dainty trifle.

THE "BEAUTY SHOW" AT SPA opens to-day (Saturday). Candidates are admitted from all parts of Europe, but they must be between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, and of perfectly good character. The most beautiful competitors will receive diplomas of loveliness, and prizes varying from 200l. in cash to valuable jewellery. They will also be photographed "by the greatest artists of the age."

THE GRAVES OF KEATS and other distinguished Englishmen at Rome are threatened. The Municipality propose to make a road across the slope of the old Protestant cemetery, in order to relieve the traffic, but their plan would effectually destroy the resting-places of Keats, Gibson the sculptor, Severn, Hare, John Bell the surgeon, and several others. The grave of Shelley being in the Upper or New Cemetery would not be touched.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE GIPSIES is claimed by an old Hungarian, named Raphael, who has petitioned the Austrian Emperor to invest him with the dignity of "King of the Descendants of Pharaoh." He declares that he is directly descended from Pharaoh, and that, if he became the Gipsy Sovereign, he would cure his subjects of their vagrant habits, and make them an orderly people fit for military service.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH do not after all derive their name from the Angles, according to the long-rooted tradition, so declares a German Government Professor, Dr. Benig. After extensive researches, he has discovered that the word "English" originates from the "Engern," a numerous and powerful Saxon race living near the banks of the Weser, on the North Sea. This theory rests also upon the authority of the old British monk, Gildas, who lived much earlier than Bede, and who speaks only of the Saxons who colonised Britain. Further, Dr. Benig points out that our supposed forefathers, the Angles, dwelt on the Baltic, farther off, and that their country was much smaller than the land of the Engern.

ART COLLECTIONS IN PARIS next summer will be simply legion, owing to the Exhibition. Besides the regular Salon, there will be the Fine Art display at the Exhibition, a Breton Historical Art collection, a Salon des Refusés organised by artists excluded from the official show, and a Government Exhibition of French Art in the present century. This last collection being retrospective, the Government want to collect the masterpieces of the French School which have gone abroad, especially to the United States. In this case the American Government would be asked to waive the duty on foreign works of art when the pictures returned to their owners. Speaking of foreign pictures in the United States, it is asserted that no fewer than 600 counterfeit Old Masters now hang in American private collections, all bought in Europe at high prices.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, the well-known authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is dangerously ill with brain-disease. Owing to her advanced age—seventy-six years—it is expected that the illness will end fatally, so her family intend to try and remove her from Long Island, where she has been spending the summer, to her residence at Hartford, Connecticut, as she wishes to die in her old home. Mrs. Stowe has been in delicate health for two years, but until quite recently might have been seen every morning taking long early walks into the country to gather wild flowers. Her cottage at Hartford is close to the houses of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, and is a modest building, hidden by vines and shrubs. Passers-by in the warm weather used to peep through the open windows to see the venerable authoress seated at her piano, singing hymns.

ROYAL LADIES are becoming accomplished mountaineers. Thus Queen Margaret of Italy has been staying at Courmayeur to make various ascents, and proved herself an excellent Alpine climber. She went up Mont Cramont, 8,000 feet high, and Mont Chétif, 9,500 feet, making the ascent of the Combal to the lake, 5,750 feet, and of Mont Saxe, a fatiguing climb of eight hours, on the intermediate days. Lastly Her Majesty ascended Mont Géant, 11,000 feet, meeting with a heavy snowstorm midway, so that she was obliged to halt for the night in a wretched shed. The ascent, however, was successfully completed next day. Then the Austrian Empress and her youngest daughter whilst staying at Ischl have made numerous trying excursions on the neighbouring mountains, scaling the Hohe Sarstein in a day. Since the Empress has been forbidden her favourite horse exercise by her physicians she walks indefatigably.

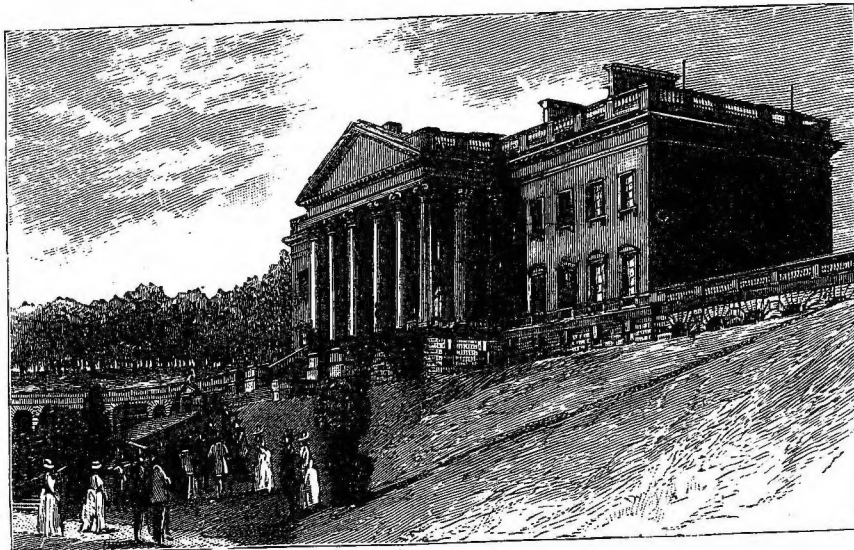
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S COMING VISIT TO ROME causes a tremendous commotion in the Eternal City, where Papal and Government authorities alike are preparing busily for their guest. Possibly William II. may visit the Pope twice—once on his official call, and the second time to inspect the Vatican treasures. The rooms in the Quirinal which the Emperor will inhabit have been entirely redecorated, and hung with splendid tapestries from the Treasury representing the history of the House of Savoy. In his bedroom are some specially valuable silk hangings worked by Christine of France, sister of Louis XIII., and wife of Victor Amadeus I. of Savoy. Triumphant arches will greet the German Sovereign as he leaves the railway station, where the municipality will be waiting with an escort in Michael Angelo costumes. Among the festivities are to be a State ball, an illumination of the ruins, a gala representation of Verdi's *Otello*, and the inevitable military review, followed by a torchlight parade.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS OF THE PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE, now Duchess of Aosta, are exceptionally handsome. Turin, her future home, gave her a splendid tapestry chest, filled with pieces of the finest Italian silks, velvets, and brocades, and the Turin ladies presented a Prayer-book, fan, and scent-bottle of the Italian colours, a *bonbonnière* and foot-warmer, and a quaint sedan chair of the Louis XV. period, with Watteau panels—in remembrance of a former Turin industry. The silver toilette table set, given by the Bonaparte ladies in Paris, rests on a table copied from an old Louis XV. pattern. The mirror is surrounded by wreaths of foliage and the Princess's initials, the candelabra spring from an Imperial eagle, and a silver basket, four boxes, and two trays are also ornamented by the eagle and the arms of Savoy. A fan from Paris is adorned with a portrait of the Great Napoleon, and mounted in ivory and gold, with the French and Italian arms and a crown in brilliants. Masses of flowers also came from Paris—chiefly violets and roses.

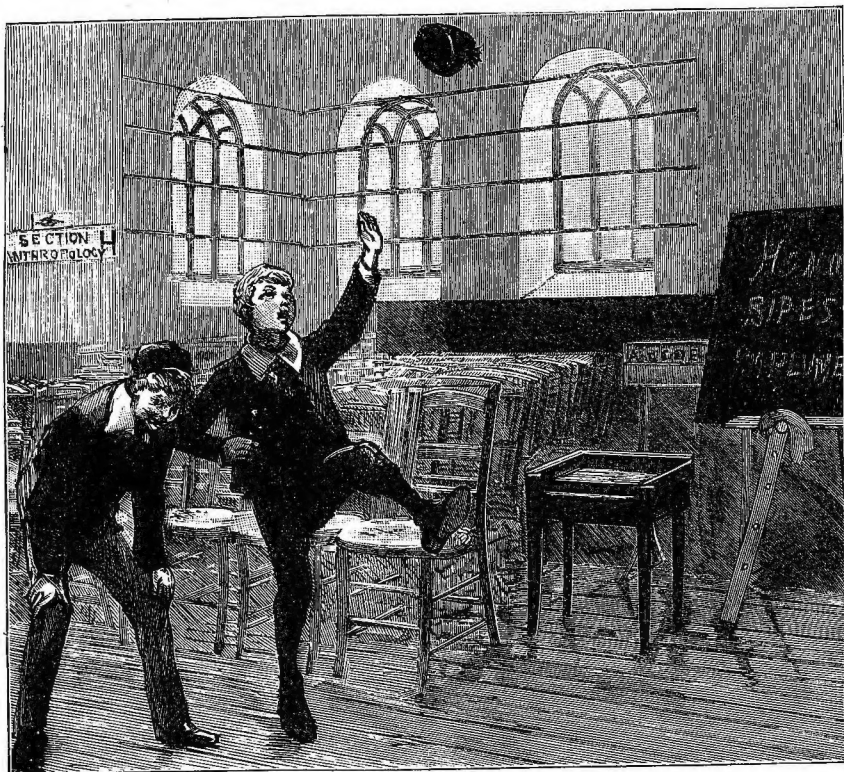




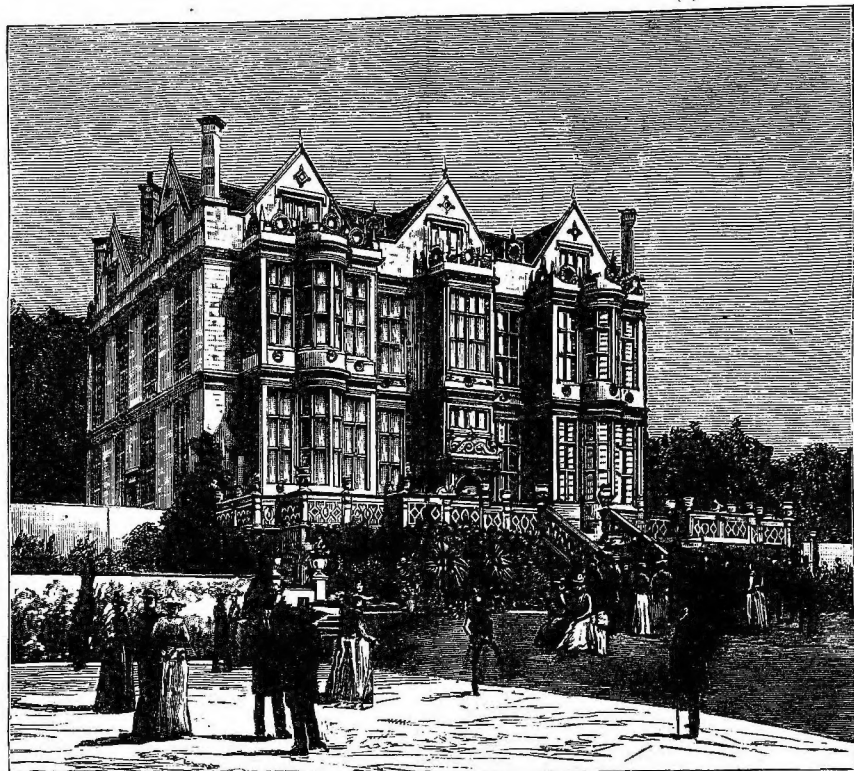
THE SAXON CHURCH, BRADFORD-ON-AVON



THE MANSION, PRIOR PARK



SYMPATHY WITH SCIENCE—"ANOTHER WEEK'S HOLIDAY"



KINGSTON HOUSE, BRADFORD-ON-AVON



PATERFAMILIAS, BEING UNABLE TO DISMEMBER HIMSELF TO ATTEND THE VARIOUS LECTURES, DIVIDES HIS FAMILY INTO EIGHT SECTIONS, A TO H. HE WILL RECEIVE THEIR REPORTS ON THEIR RETURN

# THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BATH

CHARACTER SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WITH NOTES OF SOME OF THE PLACES VISITED

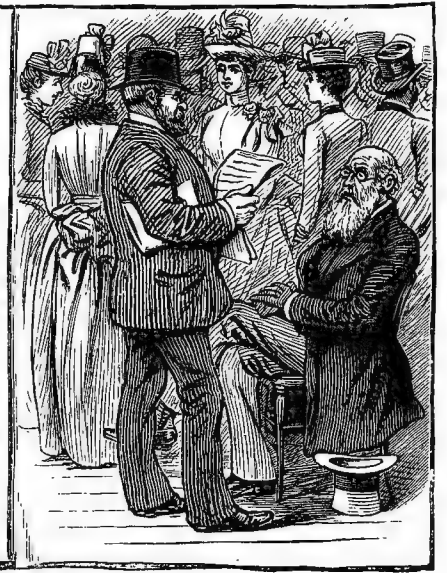




SOUTH WRAXALL MANOR HOUSE



BATH, NATURAL AND VAPOUROUS



AMENITIES OF SCIENCE.—LARGE MAN:  
"IF I WERE A MICROBE I SHOULD LIKE  
TO KNOW WHAT, SIR, YOU WERE"

"OH, YOU'VE SELECTED 'D.' I THINK YOU  
WOULD HAVE FOUND BRISTOL AND  
CLIFTON MORE 'CHAMPAGNEY!'"

ON HIS WAY TO A QUIET STREET TO  
STUDY A FEW "RECOMMENDED" BOOKS  
OF REFERENCE

"TOO MUCH CHATTER AT THESE MEETINGS"



SCIENCE IN THE SYDNEY GARDENS

THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BATH  
CHARACTER SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WITH NOTES OF SOME OF THE PLACES VISITED





THE annual holiday lull has at last affected Continental politics, though somewhat late in the season. Most of the European rulers are on tour through their dominions, and in FRANCE President Carnot is in Normandy. He has been very warmly received at Caen, Cherbourg, Rouen, and other important towns, only a few Boulangist cries marring the general harmony. Banquets and speeches have abounded, while M. Carnot has been lavish of promises to amend the various evils brought to his notice, particularly those connected with labour. This difficulty still gives much trouble, isolated strikes perpetually recurring in various districts. Now the women have joined in, and with the spirit of their sisters in the Great Revolution, led demonstrations of navvies near Limoges and at Allassac. The soldiers were sent against the malcontents, but, disliking to fight against women, they gave way, after several of the Amazons had been wounded. The working classes, too, are angry at the price of bread being raised, and it is evident that the new Protectionist tariff already acts unfavourably on the general public. Indeed, it is probable that on reassembling the Chamber will be asked to suspend the corn-tax, in consequence of the bad harvest. Much discussion is afoot concerning the cause of the late Dijon railway accident. It appears to have resulted from the rails not being strong enough to withstand the weight of the swift expresses, which run so frequently in the early morning. At the spot of the accident the rails had curved inwards, and as the train ran down a sharp incline at full speed, the irregularity of the rails threw it off the line. Altogether, nine persons were killed, five dangerously hurt, and numerous others received minor injuries. A funeral ceremony was held over the victims at Dijon, and impressive burial services took place in Paris. A more cheerful Parisian topic is the production of the first theatrical review of the year—*Les Joyeuxetés de l'Année*, by M. St. Albin—at the Palais Royal, which is amusing without touching politics.

Military activity is at its height in GERMANY, where army and navy vie in elaborate exercises. With untiring zeal, Emperor William rushes from one corner of his dominions to another to preside at all the operations, and after passing his nights in the train is fresh and critical of every detail by the early morning. Berlin enjoyed a fine spectacle in the review of the renowned Brandenburg Army Corps, a magnificently-drilled force, and then the navy had its turn at Wilhelmshafen for two days' evolutions under the Emperor's eye. Now the great army manoeuvres of the year are proceeding near Müncheburg in Brandenburg, where Emperor William, the King of Saxony, and numerous foreign and native Princes live under canvas in true rough campaigning style. Many army changes are planned, notably respecting the commands and the introduction of the new drill regulations, which the Emperor means to enforce rigidly, declaring that "Every offence against this my will I shall relentlessly punish with dismissal." Similar alterations will extend to the navy, where, besides a great increase in strength, the supreme command will be separated from the general Admiralty business, with the view of making Prince Henry Commander-in-Chief. At present the Emperor intends to reach Vienna about October 4 and Rome on the 15th prox. His visit to Italy will not be made pleasanter by the injudicious conduct of the German Catholic Congress at Freiburg, who have unanimously pronounced for the restitution of the Papal temporal Sovereignty, causing much annoyance both to the German and Italian Governments.

Germany is far from satisfied with her colonial affairs on the African coasts. When attempting to take over the administration of Tanga, on the east coast, from the Sultan of Zanzibar, the German gunboat *Mowe* was resisted by the natives, and a smart fight took place, the Arabs being eventually defeated. Two English vessels then supported the *Mowe*, but the rebels declared that they would resist all white men, and the affair is now left to the Sultan, who is determined to restore order. Notwithstanding the British help, the Germans are bitterly jealous of England's influence in this quarter, and the organisation of the Imperial British East Africa Company crowds the discontent. This company sets forth as its object the promotion of trade, commerce, and good government over about 150 miles adjoining the territory of the German East African Association, including the coast line from Wanga to Kipini, and promises to discourage the slave trade. But though the Germans hold a large area—450 miles—they are much alarmed at the British advance, which they connect with the secret aims of the Stanley Expedition, bent, as they think, on securing the equatorial provinces. It is this theory which spurs on the German Emin Relief Expedition. Nor are British and Germans on better terms on the West African coast. Thus the German Government again appeals to England to settle the case of the merchant, Herr Königsberg, who was deprived of his property by the Royal Niger Company.

ITALY has been absorbed in the marriage of the Duke of Aosta with Princess Letitia Bonaparte. Though the relationship of the bride and bridegroom raises many objections, the Italians are too much attached to the reigning House not to show enthusiasm, and as the Duke resigned his claims to the Italian throne, when he assumed the Spanish Crown, they feted the wedding more as a domestic than a dynastic event. Turin held high festival for the marriage on Tuesday, and was crowded with Royal guests and sight-seers, including King Humbert and Queen Margaret, and the King and Queen of Portugal. The civil ceremony was performed by the President of the Senate, Signor Farini, and the marriage service by the Princess Clotilde's Chaplain, and Cardinal Alimonda. The happy pair then received the congratulations of the town, and many wedding presents, and afterwards witnessed a grand public flower-festival. It is a significant fact in the present political situation that King Humbert has decorated Signor Crispi with the Order of the Santissima Annunziata, which places the Premier on the footing of a blood relation of the Royal House.

The domestic troubles of the King and Queen of SERBIA still form the predominant topic in EASTERN AFFAIRS. The quarrel has passed from a personal to a political phase, which considerably disturbs the country. The sympathy shown to Queen Natalie on her name-day, despite all Government prohibitions, plainly betokens that his subjects do not side in general with King Milan, and it is even thought that if he obtains his divorce he may lose his crown. Possibly, to avoid this disaster, the King may authorise M. Ristic to form a new Cabinet, and agree to a compromise with the Queen. There were so many signs of a demonstration against the King on the Queen's name-day that the chief Serbian towns were patrolled by troops. Moreover, all newspapers were confiscated which denied the authenticity of the Queen's defence hitherto published. It now appears that Queen Natalie declares she will not accept the decision of the Consistorial Court if she is not permitted to plead her cause in person. She meets, however, with blunt criticism from Germany, for the *North German Gazette* points out that the Queen has shown a fierce anti-Teutonic spirit, and deserves no support from Berlin. Meanwhile official Serbia is excessively polite to BULGARIA, for the Serbian Minister at Sofia has attended one of the Palace balls, being the first foreign official

representative to appear at a Court festivity since Prince Ferdinand's accession. Bulgarian affairs, too, are again forcibly brought to the fore in TURKEY, where the Russian Ambassador presses the Porte to declare the Bulgarian throne vacant, while the Austrian representative is equally persuasive for the recognition of Prince Ferdinand. The Porte has another outside grievance in the coming marriage of the Crown Prince of GREECE with Princess Sophie of Prussia, being jealous that her neighbour should thus secure German support. The Greeks themselves are delighted at the alliance with one of the most powerful Continental Houses. Probably the Crown Prince's marriage may take place in three months' time. Another engagement binds the Greek Royal family still closer to Russia, for the Grand Duke Paul, youngest brother of the Czar, is to marry Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece. Severe earthquakes have occurred at Vostitza, in the northern Peloponnesus.

If politics are dull in Europe, no such complaint can be made in the UNITED STATES. The Retaliation Bill was rushed through the House of Representatives by a nearly unanimous vote—4 Noes to 174 Ayes—amidst a disgraceful scene of disturbance and virulent abuse. One speaker politely stigmatised England as "a cold clammy devil-fish among the nations," and another contemptuously remarked that America cared no more for the British Navy than for so many wash-tubs armed with fire-crackers. A third polished gentleman denounced President Cleveland as an "ass and a shivering coward." Now the Senate must pronounce on the Bill, and probably the measure will pass with minor modifications. It is remarked that President Cleveland entirely ignores the Fisheries question in his letter accepting the candidature for the next election, while his rival, General Harrison, in his acceptance, touches on the matter in moderate terms. The President's letter is generally approved as dignified and straightforward. It relates almost entirely to the tariff, disavowing the unlimited Free-Trade doctrines ascribed to the Democrats by their enemies, yet distinctly adhering to revenue reform, and to the reduction of taxation. President Cleveland holds that the continuance and increase of the Treasury surplus must cause distress and disaster, and that trade will be stimulated by duties being abolished. Such steps would better the working-classes, who must now also be protected by the restriction of pauper immigration and cheap labour. This last note is also struck by General Harrison, who of course warmly upholds Protection. While desiring friendliness with foreign Powers, he maintains that America should insist upon her rights in the Fisheries Question, and solve the question by firm and dignified diplomacy, arranging a just exchange of commercial hospitality. The Addresses of the two Presidential candidates being now before the country, the contest is pursued in real earnest; and, while Maine declares unmistakably for the Republicans, the Democrats, under Judge Thurman, try to stir up New York. Meanwhile the Senate has passed the Chinese Exclusion Bill by thirty-seven votes to three, leaving a loophole of amendment to annul the Bill if CHINA ratifies the Treaty after all. But in China itself the mere prospect of the Treaty caused riots in Canton, where a mob attacked the house of the Chinese Minister to America who had negotiated the agreement. The yellow fever grows steadily worse in Florida, though the epidemic is nearly confined to Jacksonville. Public subscriptions are afloat for the relief of the sufferers, business being entirely suspended. One of the victims is the well-known English writer on astronomy, Mr. Richard Proctor, who contracted the disease in Florida, and subsequently died at New York.

IN CANADA the Retaliation Bill has rendered all officials eager to improve the Dominion defences. Sir John Macdonald openly states that he considers the dispute cannot produce war, but will end with the Presidential Election. However, he thinks that retaliation will improve Canadian politics by fostering a patriotic and united spirit, and will also spur the Home Government to grant funds for defensive purposes. Canada has now welcomed her new Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, who, on his first appearance at Toronto complimented the Canadians on their calm and dignified attitude in the Fisheries crisis.

Some surprise is felt in INDIA at the strength of the coming Black Mountain Expedition, particularly as it is expressly stated that no territory will be annexed. The Expedition starts on October 1st from Oghi and Darband, and will consist of 8,000 men, including five British infantry regiments, mustering 2,700, and led by Major-General McQueen. Only light equipment and short supplies will be taken, as the object is simply to inflict sharp punishment on the offending Khel Hassanais and Akozais, who killed Colonel Battye and Major Urmonst, and to return at once. Hazara, the goal of the Expedition, is a deep, narrow valley of the Himalayas, in the north-east of the Punjab, towards Peshawur. Meanwhile the other little British war—on the Sikkim frontier, advances no further than a few exchanges of shot between the British and Tibetan outposts.—The news from AFGHANISTAN is decidedly contradictory. Hitherto Ishak Khan's revolt has been reported a total failure, and he was said to have been defeated by the Ameer's troops at Maimena. Yet now we hear that the rebel Governor is marching on Cabul, where Abdurrahman lies very ill. The Government forces, however, surround Ishak on three sides and a battle is expected. Owing to the pressure of public opinion in Bombay, the charges against Mr. Crawford, so suddenly withdrawn, will now be investigated by a special Court.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, floods in the Tyrol sorely trouble AUSTRIA. These inundations extend into northern ITALY, and into the Engadine in SWITZERLAND, St. Moritz being under water. SPAIN suffers in like manner. The Rivers Xenil and Guadalfeo have done serious damage in Granada, sweeping away villages, with much loss of life.—In RUSSIA, the Czar and Czarina have been elaborately greeted during their tour for the manoeuvres in the Southern provinces. Merchants attending the late fair at Nijni-Novgorod warmly condemn the admission of British trade into Siberia, which would injure the home market.—In HOLLAND the States-General has approved the Bill appointing the Queen guardian of the Princess Royal in the event of the King's death.—MEXICO has experienced the worst earthquake ever known in the capital.—A terrific cyclone has visited CUBA. Shipping was sunk, nearly all the public buildings at Havana were damaged, villages were wrecked, and communications cut all over the island, save by boat. The loss of life is supposed to be very great.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Dinizulu has surrendered to the Transvaal Government, on the express assurance that he shall not be handed over to the British. He is now very ill. His companion, Undabuko, has fled to Tongaland, and the Zulus are being disarmed, the rebellion being thus ended. Nevertheless, the British force in Zululand will not be reduced, save at various unhealthy points.

THE GERMAN EXPEDITION for the relief of Emin Pasha is being very liberally supported and approved by Teutonic scientists. Herr Gerhard Rohlfs, the well-known African traveller, thinks that the Expedition is certain of success if composed of suitable men and amply provided with funds. He would recommend a force of 100 Germans, who ought to march through German territory from Bagamoyo to Mutanzige—about 1,000 miles—establishing fortified posts at every 100 miles, six or eight days' march apart. They should carry only rifles, ammunition, and clothing for Emin Pasha, as he can want little else. From Mutanzige to Wadelai is some 250 miles further. Besides the relief of Emin, this Expedition would greatly assist German commerce in the region by establishing the line of stations.



THE QUEEN and Princesses remain at Balmoral, and, on Saturday drove through Braemar, up the Cluny, to Fraser's Bridge. On Sunday Divine Service was performed before Her Majesty, the Princesses, and Royal children, and in the afternoon the Queen and Princesses went to Abergeldie Mains to see Princess Frederica. Her Majesty's guests have included Prince Albert Victor, the Duchess of Albany, and her children, Sir E. Malet, Sir and Lady Borthwick, Lord Skelmersdale, and the Archbishop of Canterbury with his wife and daughter.

The Prince of Wales is now visiting Austria. He reached Gmunden at the end of last week, and staid at the Villa Cumberland with the Princess and daughters, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the latter giving a grand banquet in honour of their guests. On Saturday evening, the Prince and Princess and family, with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, dined with the Duke and Duchess Philip of Württemberg, and heard a private concert, where Madame Lucca sang. The Royal party made an excursion round the Traun lake on Sunday afternoon, while at midnight the Prince left for Vienna, where he has received a most enthusiastic greeting. During Monday the Austrian Emperor and the Prince exchanged visits, the Prince wearing his Austrian Colonel's uniform, and, after lunching at the British Embassy, he dined with the Emperor. Later the Prince accompanied Crown-Prince Rudolph to the Industrial Exhibition and witnessed the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the shooting tournament. On Tuesday the Prince went to the races and again dined at the Hofburg for the celebration of the Czar's name-day, afterwards accompanying the Emperor and Crown Prince to Bellovar, in Croatia, for the army manoeuvres. The Imperial party were welcomed with various picturesque national customs, and the Prince went to a popular *fête* on Wednesday before attending the Imperial banquet. Thence he went yesterday (Friday) to the Imperial château of Gödöllő, near Pesth, for some stag-hunting, and subsequently proposes to go bear-shooting with Crown Prince Rudolph, at Georgeny. Afterwards he may possibly shoot over Count Tasilo Festetics' estate on the Platten-See and pay a flying visit to his new regiment, the 12th Hussars at Gyongyos before leaving Austria.—Prince Albert Victor has rejoined his regiment at York from staying with Viscount Downe at Danby Lodge, Grosmont, after ten days' first-rate sport.



THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent).—The Three Choirs Festival is this year being held at Hereford. Everybody knows the origin of these Festivals; and their history, since the meetings were first started one hundred and sixty-five years ago, has so frequently been described that we can for the moment let the subject drop. It will be more to the purpose to point out that the Festivals are in the march of events gradually losing their distinctive features as Meetings "of the Three Choirs." Long ago the three Cathedral Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, although backed up by some lady vocalists from the locality, were found insufficient for the demands of modern performances. Very wisely the conductors have now called in the aid of the Yorkshire Chorus, and about fifty members of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, who themselves form the nucleus of the Leeds Festival Choir, have come over to assist at the Hereford Festival. They are heard clearly through the rest of the chorus, the sonorous tone of the dozen basses, and the ringing high notes of the sopranos, being distinctly audible even among the mass of the full two hundred choristers. The other arrangements for the Festival remain pretty much the same, and the orchestra of sixty-five performers, led by Mr. Carrodus, is almost identical with the band of 1885. From a financial point of view, the prospects are far better than before, the attendance at the concerts which have yet taken place showing a small increase, while the sale of seats for the rest of the performances is stated also to indicate an advance. That a balance of profit will remain is, however, not very likely, and the deficit will be made up by the stewards, the contributions at the doors, as usual, going to the charity intact.

The festival really opened on Sunday night, when a special performance was given in the Cathedral, and Mr. Langdon Colborne's new sacred cantata *Samuel* was produced. The scene at the doors, where well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were pushing the weak and aged to the wall in the scramble for seats at a gratuitous performance, was not altogether creditable to Hereford, albeit the extremely feeble police-force (four constables for three doors) did all they could to preserve order. The composer himself candidly states that he has written *Samuel* mainly for the use of parish choirs, and accordingly it may be taken for granted that neither the solo nor the choral parts present any particular difficulties. The fault of the work is its excessive sameness, although even with the accompaniment for organ and a few strings, to which Mr. Colborne has limited himself, it ought to have been easy enough to have introduced more variety. Some allowance must, however, be made for an indifferent performance, particularly on the part of the orchestra and choir, while the soloists were, on the other hand, quite efficient, a boy treble, who sang the soprano solos, having, indeed, a remarkably fine voice. The story has been adapted from Holy Writ by the Rev. J. R. G. Taylor, one of the Vicars Choral, and it treats of the early life of Samuel, from his birth to the period when he was recognised from Dan to Beersheba as a Prophet of the Lord. The narrative is given to the bass, and the part of Hannah, Samuel's mother, to a boy treble (or soprano), the whole being interspersed with reflective choruses, and particularly with chorales, which are the most important features of the cantata. These chorales are all set to well-known hymn tunes, among others to Dr. Croft's version of "St. Ann's," which Sir Arthur Sullivan introduced in his *Thanksgiving Te Deum*, "Narenza," "Bedford," a beautiful "Hallelujah," by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, the veteran organist of the Temple Church, London a hymn tune, by Mr. J. W. Elliott, and the popular hymn "Hanover." These tunes were all so very well known that many of the congregation were able to join the choir in unison. The form adopted was, it will be noticed, a simplified version of that used by Sebastian Bach in his "Passions." But between Bach and Langdon Colborne there necessarily is a wide difference.

Monday was devoted to rehearsals, of which we need not say anything further than that they gave good indication of a fairly successful performance of the four works announced for Thursday morning, that is to say, of Cherubini's Mass in D minor, which was first produced in England by the Bach Choir a few years ago, and has since become popular at these gatherings, of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," a broadly-written choral work composed for the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition last month, of Dr. Hubert Parry's ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," and of Sir Frederick



Gore-Ouseley's *St. Polycarp*. The last-named work necessarily contains many archaisms, as it was written thirty-four years ago as his "exercise" for the degree of Mus. Doc., Oxon, which he took under the professorship of Sir Henry Bishop, whom he shortly afterwards succeeded in the University Chair. But it contains some fine choruses, particularly a *chorale* for double choir sung by the persecuted Christians, a vigorous double chorus of pagans, and another double chorus containing a fine example of the eight-part counterpoint, which in a degree exercise is obligatory. Sir Frederick was an infant "prodigy." He published a March when he was five years old, and before he was eight he composed an Italian opera.

The Festival proper opened on Tuesday—after the usual service and the Festival sermon, which was preached by Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley—with a performance of *Elijah*, concerning which it is necessary only to say that the leading parts were sustained by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Enriquez, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and that the band and chorus, who had not been granted a full rehearsal, left a very great deal to be desired.

On Tuesday evening, the tiny Shire Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear *The Golden Legend*, performed under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who had left his rehearsals at the Savoy and had come down to Hereford expressly for this concert. The chief parts were sung by Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Brereton. The band made no attempt to play with the moderation necessary in a hall holding only eight hundred people, and they fairly succeeded in drowning both soloists and chorus. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Brereton for his admirable delivery of the music of Lucifer, although the part lay rather high for his voice.

On Wednesday morning, the programme opened with a copious selection from Handel's *Samson*, the additional accompaniments used being those specially prepared by Mr. Ebenezer Prout for the Leeds Festival four years ago. The selection comprised a good many of the best pieces from the oratorio, including, "Total Eclipse," sung by Mr. Lloyd, "Honour and Arms," by Mr. Santley, "How willing my paternal love," by Mr. Brereton, and "Let the bright seraphim," by Madame Albani, besides, of course, the "Dead March" for the orchestra, and "Oh first created beam," "Round about the starry throne," and "Fixed in His everlasting rest," for the chorus. Far more of the oratorio than was at first intended was struck out, and two of the best tenor songs and all but two of the soprano airs were omitted. The performance was exceedingly loose, as the conductor, Mr. Langdon Colborne, appeared to be entirely out of his element in directing such music, and some of the choruses were taken so fast as to rob them of their dignity. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* went far better, the two chorales and the unaccompanied quartet "God is a spirit" being exceedingly well rendered. Miss Anna Williams, too, gave an excellent delivery of the posthumous air, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength," found among the composer's papers, and interpolated at a performance given two or three years ago by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

On Wednesday evening, the usual performance took place in the Cathedral, the prices being reduced, and the choir aisles, from which, even if the performers cannot be seen, they can be exceedingly well heard, being thrown open to the working classes for a shilling. The programme included the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*, Spohr's *God, Thou art Great*, and Schubert's *Song of Miriam*, but of this, and the remaining performances of the Festival, we must write next week.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The new Sullivan and Gilbert Opera was originally fixed for production at the Savoy on November 10th, but it is now possible the date may be anticipated.—At the close of last season, at the Royal Italian Opera *Lohengrin* had been performed just one hundred times in London since its production in May, 1875, that is to say, seventy-four times in Italian, twenty-one in English, and five in German.—Mr. Hamish McCunn's cantata, *Kilmeny*, adapted from the poem of "The Ettrick Shepherd," and written about two years ago, has just been published, and it will be produced for the first time in Edinburgh during the winter.—The news is now repeated from Berlin that little Josef Hofmann will next spring undertake a fresh tour of the United States under Mr. Abbey, playing, however, at only two recitals a week.—Dr. von Bülow has also decided to visit America in April, giving four Beethoven recitals and two orchestral concerts in New York, and also in Philadelphia.—The juvenile Wagner symphony, which was unsuccessfully produced in London last winter, has been withdrawn from public performance by the composer's widow.



THE obvious difficulties in the way of adapting such a story as Mr. Rider Haggard's "She" to the stage have not daunted Miss Sophie Eyre, though in preparing the version brought out by this adventurous lady at the Gaiety Theatre, it has been deemed necessary to engage the services of no fewer than three adaptors. For the prologue, setting forth the inexplicable crime of Queen Ayesha, two thousand years ago, which is a something superadded from the hints in the original story, Mr. Edward Rose has been called in, and it is only fair to say that he has executed his task neatly, and with sound discretion. The five acts which follow are the joint work of Mr. William Sidney, the well-known stage manager of the Adelphi, and Miss Clo Graves, a young lady who is remembered as the author of a play called *Niobe* produced at Drury Lane Theatre some time since. If these twain have been less successful, the fact is rather to be attributed to the nature of the story than to any very serious shortcomings on their part. The dialogue which they have provided is, it is true, rather diffuse and commonplace, at least where it departs from the dialogue of the book; but the real cause of the weariness that was felt by the spectators on the first night, is the undramatic character of the story, and the impossibility of sympathising with any of its personages. Mr. Haggard, with the ample resources of the novelist at command, can interest us in the mysterious inscription on the potsherd, and make us feel it to be possible that Leo and his guardian would undertake to make the perilous journey to the mystic city of Kôr. He can also depict the character of "She Who Must Be Obeyed" in a way at least to make it intelligible. But the dramatist has but little time for subtleties. He deals in broad decisive strokes, and what he cannot present clearly by these means is rarely presented in a satisfactory fashion. Thus it is with *She*. The spectators behold a rather weak and colourless young man of fortune, starting with a rather imbecile guardian, on a quest which appears absolutely motiveless. And as to the heroine, the mysterious veiled Queen, her habit of assassinating people she does not like and making love to others on a very slight acquaintance borders on the ludicrous. Miss Eyre plays this strange character in a majestic and imposing fashion, and though her elocution is painfully level, there is something in her performance which lays hold of the imagination. Miss Mary Rorke also furnishes a pathetic piece of acting in the character of Ustane; Mr. Edmund Maurice, on the other hand, can make nothing more

of Leo Vincey than the colourless creature that he is. Mr. Julian Cross as Horace Holly is in the same predicament. Nor was the case mended by the curiously mild brew of low comedy presented by Mr. James East in the part of Job Round. All this is the more to be regretted because the play has been put on the stage very picturesquely, and is illustrated by characteristic dances, and other incidents, which constitute really a very striking display of spectacle. *She* will be improved by being shortened; but it will not, we fear, be possible to realise the sanguine expectations of Mr. Rider Haggard, who, after being prevailed on to address the audience from a private box declared his belief that, with some alterations, it might be made a "singularly fine play."

Saturday evening next is the date announced for the commencement of the winter season at DRURY LANE with the new spectacular historical romantic drama entitled *The Spanish Armada*.

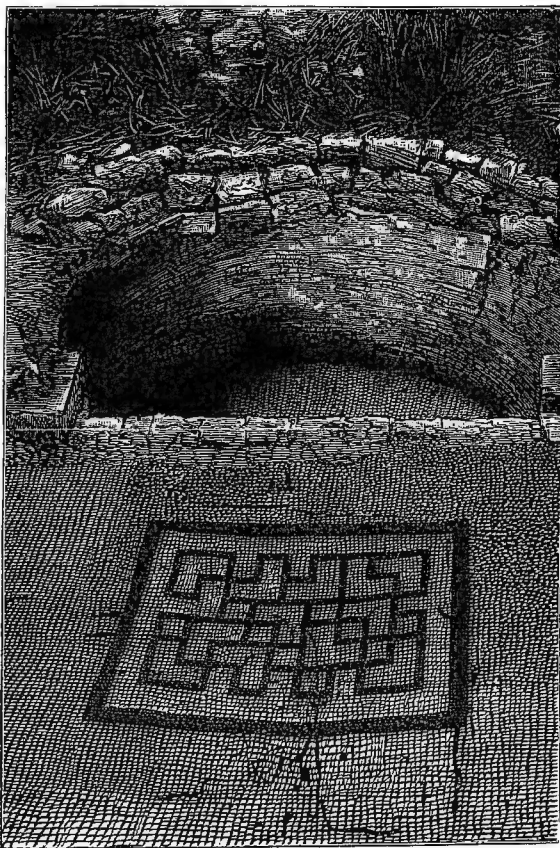
The management of the OLYMPIC have again revived that admirable drama *The Ticket of Leave Man*, with Mr. Henry Neville in his original part of Bob Brierley, and Miss Agnes Hewitt in that of the heroine.

The OPERA COMIQUE reopens on Thursday, the 27th inst., with a new comic opera entitled *Carina*—music by Miss Julia Wolff; libretto by Messrs. E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman.

The new COURT Theatre will open for the season on Monday, September 24th, with Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of *Les Surprises du Divorce*.

## ROMAN TESSELATED PAVEMENT RECENTLY UNEARTHED AT BOX

THIS pavement, together with a handsome bath, was unearthed by Messrs. Stier and Son at Box, transported to their premises at Bath for exhibition, and formed one of the archaeological attractions of Bath during the meeting of the British Association. The pavement, together with the bath, was discovered in the December of 1881 and the January of 1882, in the middle of the village of Box, and evidently formed part of an old Roman villa, as other remains found also on the same spot clearly testify. The villa in question was on the line of Roman road leading to Cunetio (Marlborough) and Ilchester. A coin of Constantine discovered, bearing date A.D. 337, would stamp this as the probable period of both bath and pavement, thus making the discoveries about fifteen hundred and fifty years old. The pavement as now shown, measures about 24 ft. long by 5 ft. wide, and of itself, presents a beautiful as well unique example of ancient mosaic art. Against the white cubes of tesserae, forming



the body of the pavement, stands out in bold relief the dark blue key pattern running down through the centre, whilst on the top portion of the pavement is a singular labyrinthine fret formed with the same dark blue tesserae on purer white. Examining the pavement on one side, a marked spot is discernable where the white cubes present a reddish hue, evidently bearing traces of fire. Arrived at the end of this corridor, for such the pavement really formed in the bathing portion of the above Roman villa, we now come to the bath. This is of a beautiful crescent shape, and adjoins the pavement, whilst in close proximity, when unearthed, were found the hypocausts and hot-air flues. A great number of square bricks, which were also shown by Messrs. Stier, were discovered, the same forming the *stela* which supported the floor, whilst one could clearly determine the *calidarium*, *lepidarium*, and *frigidarium*. The dimensions of the bath, which is stated to be the only perfect tessellated Roman bath yet known, are as follows:—The chord of the bow 3 ft. 6 in., the bow itself 11 ft., and the depth 2 ft. 8 in. Its sides and floor are laid with pure white tesserae, tesserae of even a finer kind than that in the pavement.



THE SEE OF CHESTER, vacant by the translation of Dr. Stubbs to that of Oxford, has been conferred on Canon the Rev. Francis J. Jayne, who has been since 1886 Vicar of Leeds. Canon Jayne is comparatively a young Bishop, being only about forty-four. Educated at Oxford, and in 1868 having taken a first class in Moderations and in both Literæ Humaniores and Law History, he was elected a Fellow of Jesus. Ordained in 1870, he was from 1871 to 1879 tutor of Keble College, Oxford, whence he was transferred to the Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter. Canon Jayne is a High Churchman.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM having completed a decade of his tenure of the Episcopal See, it is proposed to present him with a portrait of himself and a pastoral staff, which are to become heirlooms of the See. Subscriptions for the pastoral staff are naturally to be confined to denizens of the Diocese, but all who value the work of Dr. Lightfoot as a divine and scholar are invited to subscribe for the portrait which will be added to the almost complete series of those of the Bishops of Durham since the Reformation, which is now at the Episcopal residence, Auckland Castle, and which is largely due to the care and munificence of the present Bishop. In making these intimations, Lord Ravensworth points out that ten years have completely falsified the fear expressed when Dr. Lightfoot was made a Bishop that the work of the episcopate would leave him no opportunity for further literary labours. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. J. S. Wilson, the committee's hon. sec., Palace Green, Durham.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, the *Record* says, is currently reported to be trying to raise a subscription to add to Westminster Abbey, which, before long, will be overcrowded with monuments. It is therefore proposed to acquire part of Old Palace Yard, which abuts on the Abbey at the south-east corner, and there to erect a new cloister. This would be made a kind of national Valhalla, admission to it, the *Record* adds, being as strictly safeguarded as that to the actual Abbey now is.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL are about to restore its Chapter-House, at a cost of at least 7,000l.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* understands that the anonymous and munificent donor of 10,000l. to the Bristol Bishopric Endowment Fund is Lady Frederick Cavendish.



AFTER the preliminary meeting of the Parnell Commission, which, as already announced, takes place in Probate Court 1 of the Royal Courts of Justice on Monday next at 11 A.M., it is expected that the proceedings will be adjourned for some time.

TO THIS YEAR'S REVISION, which began on Saturday, of the lists of voters for the various metropolitan constituencies, special interest attaches from its inclusion of the new County Council lists. The county voters consist of Parliamentary electors, with the exclusion of lodgers and service franchisees, and with the addition of women ratepayers.

A KNIGHTHOOD has been conferred on Mr. Edlin, who, called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1847, was appointed Recorder of Bridgwater in 1872, and has been since 1874 Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions.

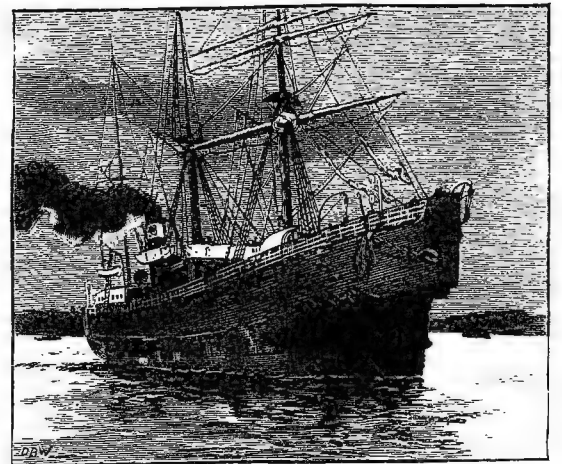
MR. ROBERT M. PAUL, a Graduate of Exeter College, Oxford, a solicitor, and last year Mayor of Truro, has been appointed by the Bishop to be Chancellor of Truro.

UNDER HIS WELL-KNOWN SIGNATURE "B," Lord Bramwell, in a letter to the *Times*, replies to some remarks on employers' liability made by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., at the Trades Union Congress. Referring to Mr. Broadhurst's complaint that the law allows master and workman to make their own bargain in regard to the liability of the employer, "B." puts the case thus:—"Two men come to me for work. I say 5s. a day and no liability, or 4s. and liability. This is not to be allowed. Is it not hard on the man who would like the 5s.?"

AN INTERLOCUTORY INJUNCTION has been asked for from the Chancery Division to restrain the Executive Committee of the Irish Exhibition from continuing the performance of entertainments comprising marionettes and living statuary groupings. The plaintiffs carried on entertainments at Olympia in pursuance of an agreement with the Committee, which contained a provision that no entertainment similar to theirs should be permitted. Their entertainment consisted of an Irish sketch, "Paddy's Wedding," a "Magical Melange," a ventriloquial entertainment, and an illusion, "The Mystery of 'She.'" The plaintiffs are bringing an action against the Committee for breach of agreement. Mr. Justice Denman refused to grant an injunction, holding it to be very doubtful whether the plaintiffs had suffered any damage. The defendants had said that the more attractions were offered by the Exhibition the more people came to the plaintiffs' entertainment. He would leave the matter to be decided at the trial of the action.

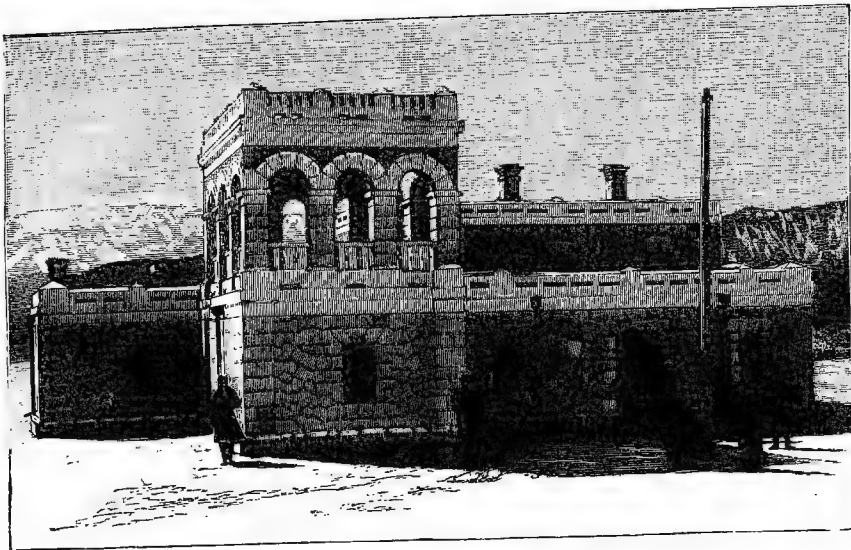
## THE "GEISER"- "THINGVALLA" COLLISION

ON Saturday, August 11th, the steamship *Geiser*, of the Danish Thingvalla Line, cleared from New York for Stettin with one hundred and forty-eight souls on board. A few days before, her sister ship of the same line, the *Thingvalla*, sailed from her home port, bound for America, with four hundred and fifty-five passengers. On August 16th, the steamship *Wieland*, of the Hamburg American Line, brought into New York thirty-one of the *Geiser* company—all that survived—and all the passengers of the *Thingvalla*. Of the two Danish vessels which had come into collision off the Nova Scotia coast, the *Geiser* lay at the bottom of the ocean, and the *Thingvalla* with her bow literally broken off, and only her crew remaining on

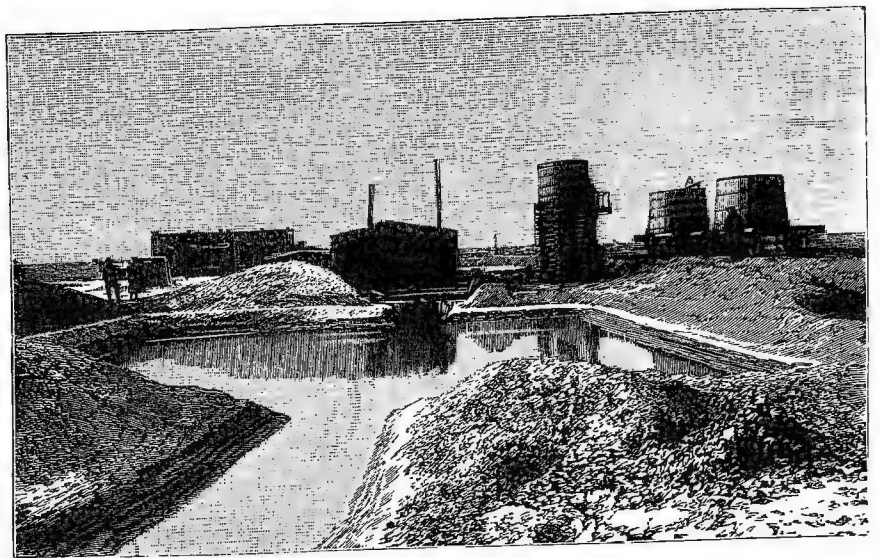


board, was slowly making her way toward Halifax, which port she ultimately reached. We have previously described the leading features of this disaster, and we need only say that in the collision, the *Thingvalla* struck the *Geiser* almost at right angles, cutting her nearly in half, and sending her to the bottom in less than ten minutes, with one hundred and seventeen of her passengers and crew.—Our illustration is from a photograph showing the *Thing-*

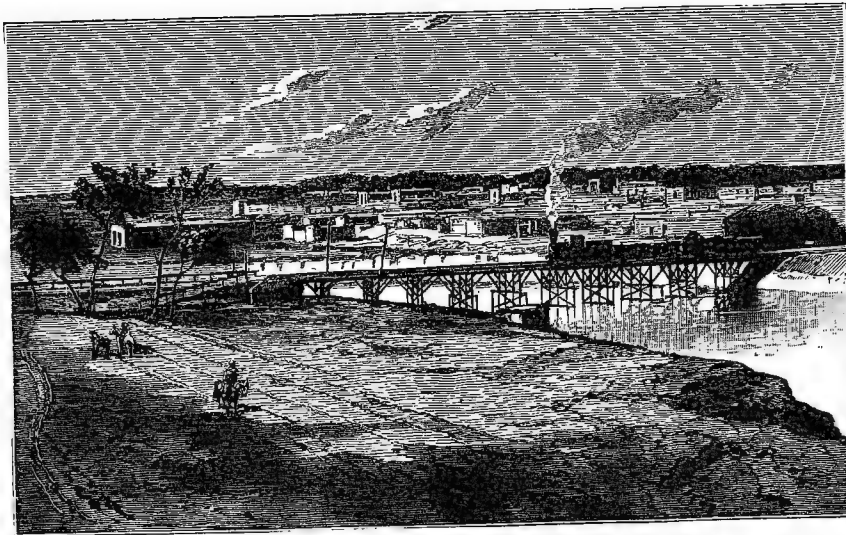




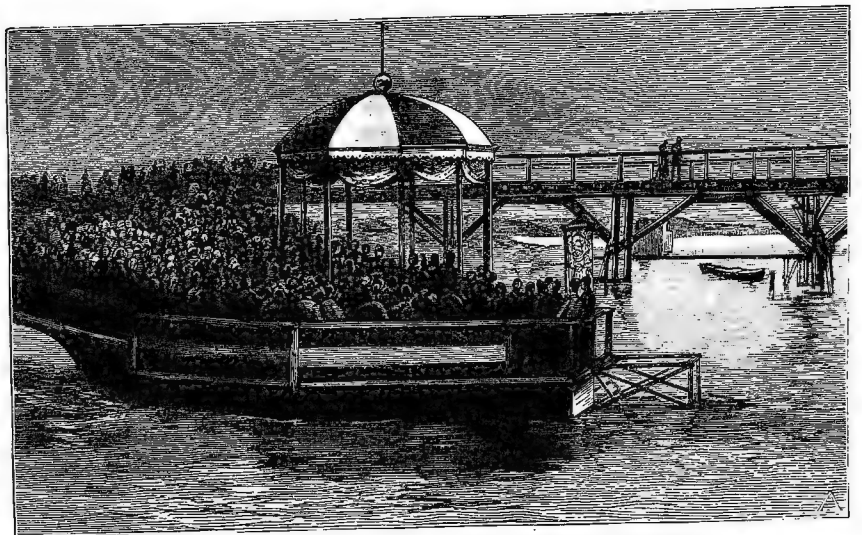
KODSCH STATION IN THE AKHAL TEKÉ OASIS



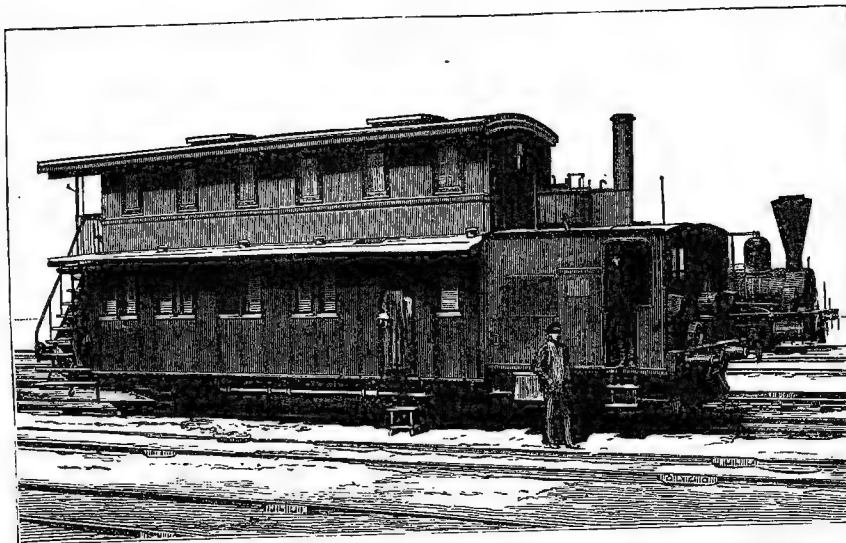
RESERVOIR AT BAIRAM ALI, OR OLD MERV



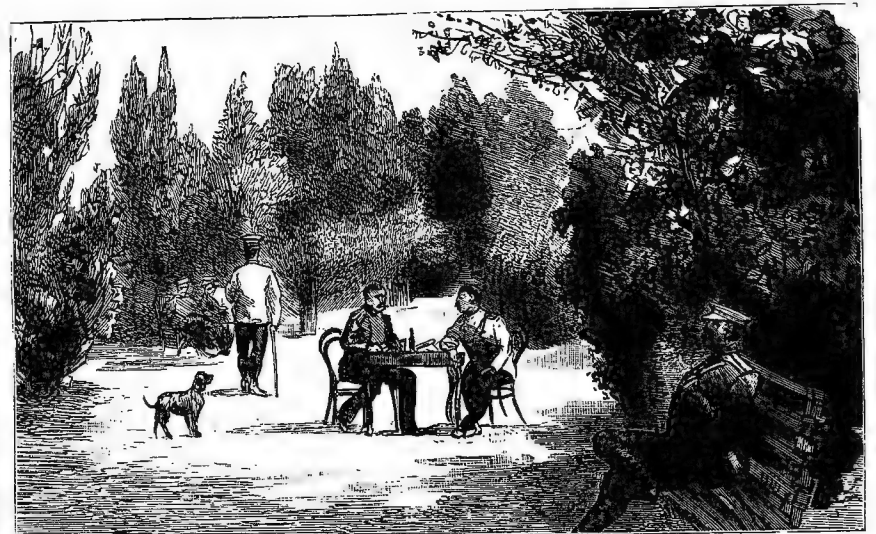
NEW BRIDGE AT MERV



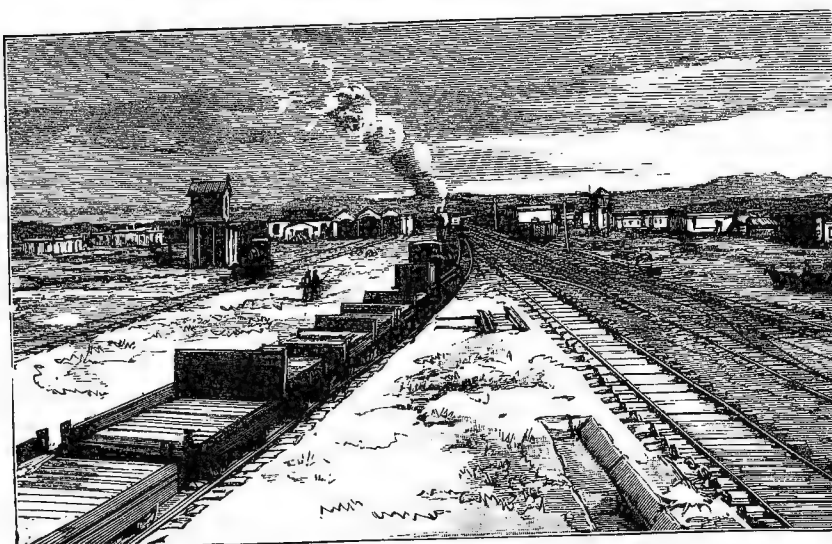
OPENING OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE OXUS AT CHARJUI



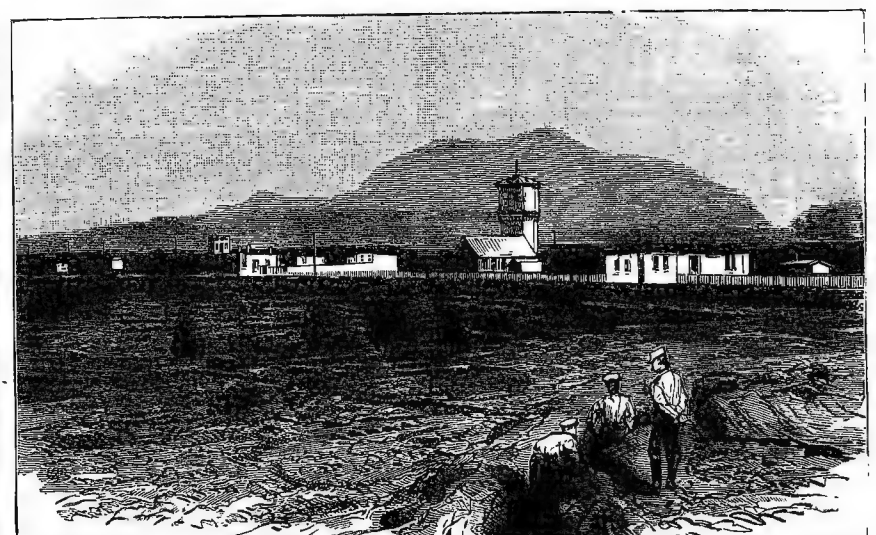
A LOCOMOTIVE HABITATION FOR GENERAL ANNENKOFF, PART OF HIS STAFF, AND SERVANTS



MILITARY CLUB GARDEN, ASKHABAD



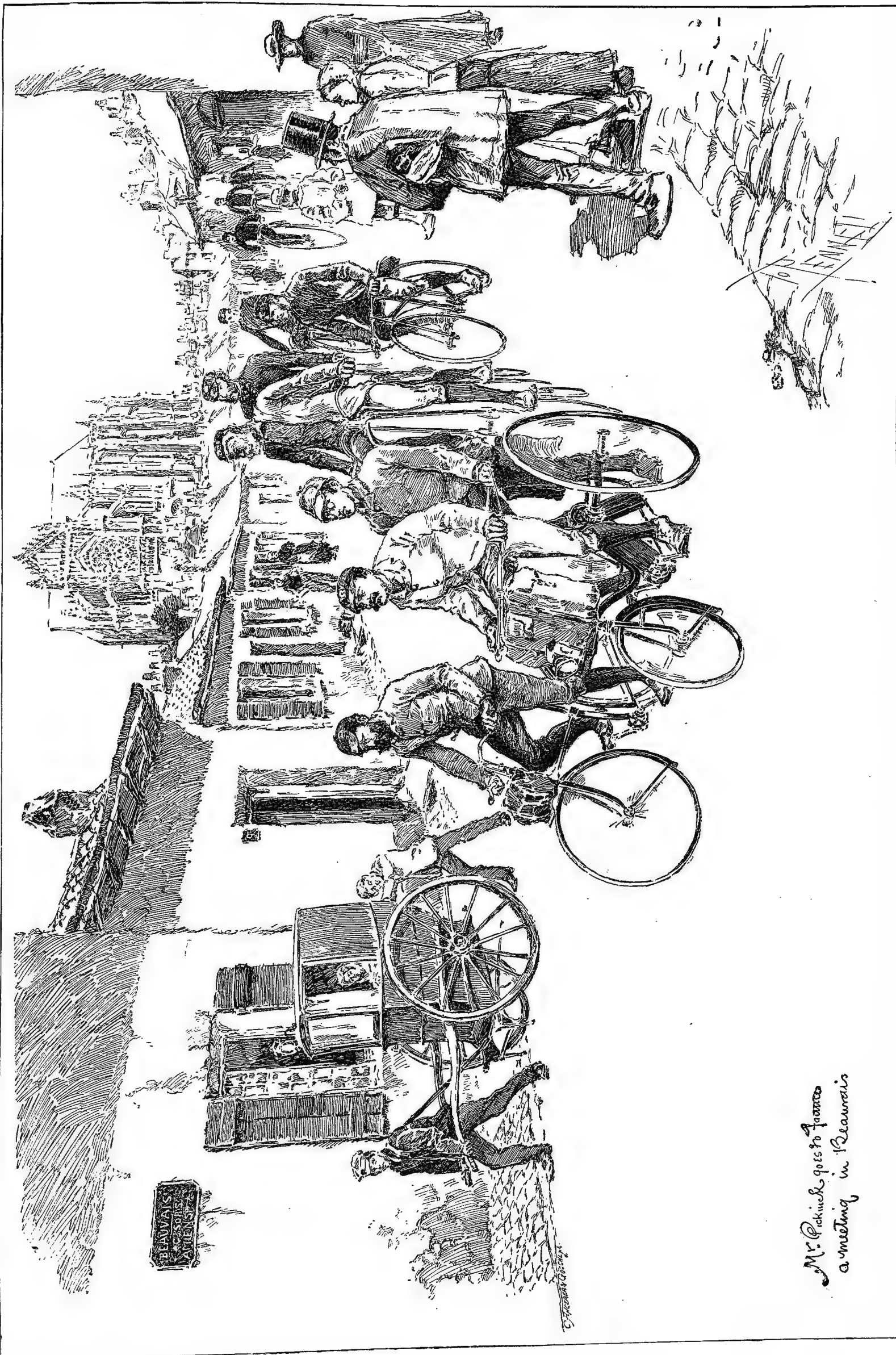
RAILWAY STATION AT ASKHABAD



THE STATION AT GEOK TEPE

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA, II.  
VIEWS ON THE NEW TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY FROM THE CASPIAN SEA TO SAMARKAND





Mr. Pickwick goes to France  
a meeting in Beauvais

A TOUR OF THE PICKWICK CYCLING CLUB IN FRANCE



val'a as she appeared after the collision. The distance from the remaining upper portion of her stem to the end of the break, shows exactly how far she penetrated the *Geiser's* hull. That she floated at all after the encounter is due to her forward bulkhead, which was strong enough to resist the first rush of water, and was afterwards strengthened by the crew, so that it enabled the ship to reach port.



THE SEASON has become pleasant for the time of year, but we require no reminding that the summer is past. Out of the sun the air has been shrewd even at midday, while the nights have been chilly, and grass-frosts have been registered. The sight of standing corn the second week of September at so warm and sheltered a place as Ventnor indicates sufficiently how much of the cereal crops is still out in the Midland, Western, and Northern shires. The deficiency of the yield in South-Western England is not so much complained of as the poorness of the quality, and the late and expensive harvesting. Oats, as usual in wet seasons, are the best of the crops; of barley, a Devonshire friend writes us that the bulk will be an average, but the samples are not likely to be anything approaching those of last year, "in fact, there will be very little barley which will be fit for malting." This is indeed a very serious matter, for quality makes an enormous difference to the selling price of barley, good, bright, malting samples realising 32s. to 34s. per quarter, while ordinary feeding sorts range only from 16s. to 24s. per quarter. We are sorry to hear from the pastoral regions of the West and South-West that sheep are not doing well. The wet July, and the variable August, the cold nights since September came in, have all had a prejudicial effect, besides which, many farmers allege that the great scarcity of keep last winter led to sheep being stinted in food, so that when keep became lush and plentiful, their weakened constitutions were unable to bear the strain of "high living." The spread of disease among the potatoes continues, especially in the West.

"THE WEATHER PLANT" is not a slang allusion to the season which has defrauded us of a summer, but is the common name in Austria of the *Abrus peregrinus*, an old-world flowering plant, known in England almost since the Crusaders as the "Paternoster Pea." Its leaves and twigs strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, while its lower and harder leaves indicate atmospheric changes three days beforehand. The indications consist in a change in the position of the leaves, and in the rise and fall of the twigs. These signs have been observed by distinguished Austrian meteorologists as well as botanists. And the question as to whether or no the plant is similarly prophetic in our English climate is well worth settling by systematic observation.

THE STEAM FARMER is a remarkable agricultural implement now on show in the Canadian Court of the Glasgow Exhibition. From what we are told it is a perfect Irish farmer, performing all agricultural operations, except paying the rent. It is the invention of Mr. Romaine, of Ottawa, who thirty years ago began working out a system of cultivation which should thoroughly pulverise the soil, without disturbing the sub-soil. The steam farmer is said to plough, prepare the seed-bed, and sow the seed at one operation, and subsequently, when harvest comes, it cuts the grain and threshes it at the same time. The machine is a locomotive, supported on a series of broad carrying wheels, which support the apparatus.

HORTICULTURE.—A Conference will be held at Chiswick on the 11th of October, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society. The cultivation of apples and pears will be the main object of attention, but the horticulturists will probably devote some informal discussion to one or two other matters, which the season has forced upon the owner of the garden and the farm. There is the spread of mildew, for instance, which, although bad among the cereals, has been even more disastrously prevalent among the peas. Then there is the remedy for potato disease said to have been discovered by M. Prilleux, of Paris. The French Academy of Sciences has issued a "preliminary favourable report." We are not acquainted with the remedy or its working, beyond the knowledge that there is sulphate of copper and also chalk in it. Finally it is believed that our horticultural friends, vexed as they are by the extraordinary growth of weeds this year, will try once more to find some sprinkling fluid which will spare the good plants, and destroy the intruders.

LANCASHIRE.—The farmers of this great county are not above the influence of a prize-list or of a locality, any more than the agriculturists of districts neither ducal nor palatine. Last year the Manchester Show attracted 3,468 entries, this year at the Show held at Lancaster only 2,852 were exhibited. The weather was very bad, the attendance miserable, and altogether our North-country friends are not to be congratulated, especially as the decisions of the judges were canvassed in a very unfavourable spirit, and some definite challenges of the awards have appeared in the Press. The stock, however, were not a bad display, the Shorthorns, the Scotch, and the Channel Islands cattle all being satisfactory, and the light horses also affording reason for congratulation to the principal breeders. In the Sheep classes, Leicester were particularly strong, while of Shropshire there were over forty penned, and nearly all were of high merit. Pigs were also a good show, especially of the white breeds.

CHESHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW was this year interesting as being the fiftieth of this old-established society. The brood mares and foals called for special commendation, but the stallions were not a strong show. In the cattle classes the young bulls above one and under two years old were a capital class, containing many pedigree animals from well-known breeders; Lord Crewe, therefore, may be congratulated for his victory over no unworthy competitors. The Channel Islands cattle were a good show in the way of quality, but the entries were only six in number. The sheep and pigs were of fair merit.

WARWICKSHIRE AGRICULTURISTS last Tuesday thronged the showyard of their county society at Rugby, when 700 animals were exhibited, and by their general excellence well maintained the high reputation of the Western Midlands for good horses of all sorts, for Shropshire and Cotswold sheep, for Shorthorns, and for good dairy cattle generally. The district should also show a good stock of Herefords, but in this department the Rugby gathering was weak.

FRUIT CULTURE.—There is something to be said even for extraordinary tithe. It probably saves many farmers from rushing into fruit-growing on unsuitable land, thereby glutting the market, and ruining themselves. The attempts made by Mr. Tallerman and other experts in cold-storage to keep fruit fresh for several weeks after gathering seem, at last, to have attained a very considerable measure of success, and if fresh fruit can be once obtained all the year round, the national demand for it is likely to be largely increased. It is the irregularity with which fresh fruit is obtainable that keeps the inquiry down. The recent conference at the Crystal

Palace was marked by unwisdom in some of the utterances as well as by sagacious observations. The report is worth studying, especially the remarks of Mr. Webber, of Covent Garden. Over-ripe fruit is wasted, unsold fruit is sold at a loss, and careful packing pays cent. per cent. on the trouble taken. Such are some of the notes which struck us, but, as already remarked, farmers and land-owners should read the whole report.

VARIOUS AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—The September Shows are usually attractive and well attended, though the grand season ends with July. On the 12th the farmers of South-West Norfolk had a goodly gathering at Watton, and the same day there was a similar county assembly at Writtle, near Cheshire. The Buckinghamshire Show, at which Lord Beaconsfield delivered more than one famous speech, took place yesterday (the 13th) at High Wycombe, and a big Local Show for the farmers of the Lake District opens at Ulverston on Tuesday next, the 18th inst. On the 21st the Carmarthenshire Agriculturists have an Exhibition at the county capital, while on the 26th the Frome Society meets—where else should it meet?—at Frome. Derbyshire farmers will probably have visitors from Staffordshire and Yorkshire at the Chesterfield Cart Horse Show on the same day, while Northumberland and the Border Agriculturists, on the 27th, will be assembled in full force at Bellingham in Redesdale.



THE TURF.—A very interesting St. Leger was that run on Wednesday last. Owing to his victories in the Two Thousand and Derby Ayrshire was naturally a strong favourite. His chance seemed to be improved, moreover, by the fact that both Friar's Balsam, who had carried all before him as a two-year-old, and Crowberry, who had been a good second in the Derby, were unable to stand a preparation, and had to be scratched. There remained, however, Seabreeze, winner of the Oaks, and the only animal which extended Friar's Balsam as a two-year-old, and Orbit, the winner of the Eclipse Stakes, and both of these found many supporters. But on Saturday last evil rumours were heard about Ayrshire, with the result that he temporarily went back in the betting. On Monday, however, he recovered his position, and in the race he started favourite. There were sixteen runners, a larger field than has been seen for some years. It was soon seen that the rumours regarding Ayrshire were not unfounded. The favourite was beaten, and in the end Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, ridden by Robinson (who thus scored his second successive victory), added the St. Leger to her previous successes. Lord Bradford's Chillington was second, and Mr. Milner's Zanzibar third.

Of the other racing at Doncaster it is not necessary to say much. On Tuesday the Great Yorkshire Handicap fell to the Duke of Beaufort's Button Park, who, though having the character of a "rogue," on this occasion took very kindly to his work. As was generally expected, Mr. Perkins's Chitabob, who is one of the smartest colts of the year, took the Champagne Stakes. Frapotel won the Fitzwilliam Stakes for Mr. C. Archer, who would have probably secured the Glasgow Plate also with Eulalia had not the filly in one of the false starts bolted the whole length of the course. As it was, she was second to Master Bill. Sweetbriar won the Clumber Plate, and Goldseeker the Doncaster Welter Plate. Next day the last-named, who ought to be re-christened Goldfinder, won the Cleveland Handicap, Noble Chieftain secured the Bradgate Park Stakes, and Testator landed the Tattersall Sale Stakes.

At Derby last week Hawthorn won the Hartington Plate. At Sandown, on Friday, Laureate won the Nursery Stakes, Alto the Michaelmas Stakes, and Lucy Long the Flying Two-Year-Old Plate; but otherwise the racing on this day calls for no comment, and the same remark applies to Saturday's proceedings under Grand National Hunt Rules.

The weights for the Autumn Handicaps appeared last week. Timothy headed the Cesarewitch list with 8 st. 13 lbs., but has not accepted. Consequently the weights were raised 2 lbs., all round, with the result that Fullerton now comes first with 8 st. 12 lbs., Orbit and Ténébreuse being next with 7 lbs. less each. In the Cambridgeshire, Minting was apportioned the welter of 10 st. 7 lbs., and has accepted. Fullerton is next with 9 st. 1 lb., and then comes the unlucky Friar's Balsam with 8 st. 11 lbs.

CRICKET.—The Australians alone keep up the interest in the moribund season. Lord Londesborough had collected what was practically an England Eleven to do battle against them at Scarborough. Turner bowled very well in the first innings, but the Colonials' batting broke down utterly before the attacks of Peel and Briggs, the latter of whom took thirteen wickets for 40 runs, and they were easily defeated. This week they have had another beating at the hands of Shaw and Shrewsbury's Eleven. Surrey seems to have discovered another good bowler in Watt who, for the Colts against the County, took eight wickets for 44 runs. Mr. A. P. Lucas has an average of 75 for the Chelmsford Club this year. Next year he will be qualified to play for Essex. As he has already represented Middlesex and Surrey, this will be his third county.

FOOTBALL.—An interesting series of matches will be those which are to take place between the twelve clubs which have formed themselves into the Football League. It will be curious to see whether the Champion of the League will also be the winner of the Association Cup. The Canadian Team, who did very well in Ireland, have been checked in Scotland, where the Rangers drew with them, and Queen's Park defeated them. The newest Association is that of the Army, which is to have an inter-regimental trophy. The English footballers have now returned to New Zealand, where they seem likely to be as successful as on their previous visit.

RUNNING.—A. Wharton, the ex-amateur champion and well-known goal-keeper, has recently become a professional. On Monday he easily secured the Sheffield Doncaster Handicap.—Report comes from the States of 100 yards having been run in 9½ secs. (record), but it needs confirmation.

CYCLING.—Several "Safety" records have been smashed since we last wrote. Otherwise the only noteworthy items are the victories of F. J. Osmond in the Ten Miles Scratch Race of the Surrey Bicycle Club, and of T. H. English in the Fifteen Miles Bicycle Championship, both on Saturday.

THE ANIMALS' INSTITUTE, opened this season at Kinnerton Street, for the hospital treatment of suffering animals belonging mostly to the poorer classes, has proved a remarkable success. Indeed, so many applications are made that only the worst cases can be treated in the hospital owing to the limited accommodation. It is now proposed, if sufficient funds can be gathered, to erect a sanatorium in the suburbs for cases requiring rest and prolonged treatment, while, once the first outlay of this building is over, it would become self-supporting by admitting paying patients. The gratuitous advice given at the Institute is thoroughly appreciated. Altogether, this attempt to relieve suffering domestic humanity is well worthy of support. Donations and subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Sec., Miss Beale, 9, Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place, Belgrave Square, S.W.

It looks like a paradox to say that the Orcadian Archipelago is an excellent place for a walking tour, but it is true if we assume that the pedestrian is not a mad athlete who cannot sleep with a quiet conscience at night unless he has covered his thirty or forty miles, or climbed a mountain (created for no such purpose), or performed some parallel feat. By carefully picking one's way, so as to avoid the little bays and inlets, it is possible, by great ingenuity, to get one journey of twenty miles; but the labour is not adequately recompensed by the satisfaction of having walked from one end to the other. As a rule, after three or four miles have been traversed, further progress is barred by the sea, so to over-exertion, the Orkneys are all that could be desired. And they have advantages not possessed by some other favourite routes.

In the Midlands, on the Borders, in the Waverley country, nay, even in the Highlands, the temptations that assail the walker are more than an ordinarily-constituted mortal should be exposed to. If the weather is wet, it is so easy to get into a train; if fine, the comfort of the "diligence," as Scott would have called it, holds out great attractions to the dusty wayfarer. The chances are that he returns to town without having obtained the exercise of which, according to his medical adviser, he stood so much in need. But in Orkney there are no railways, and the horses are so very old, and thin, and bony, that even a lazy man prefers walking to the scant comfort offered by the uninviting conveyances they drag. Then a sojourn in Orkney is highly conducive to the enhancement of family ties, since it lends them the stimulant of temporary separation. When the question is put to the average wife or daughter which she prefers, Cromer or Kirkwall, she does not say the latter, nay, if she has been North before, prefers, on the whole, to stay at home rather than return. Shetland she might endure—there she would find not only the most glorious rock-scenery, but in the tourist season, plenty of life and society. In Orkney she knows that only a few eccentric specimens of her sex care to stay longer than the few hours while the steamer is unloading, and which are long enough to allow of a flying visit to St. Magnus Cathedral, and a glance at Cromwell's Fort. There is n... tennis there, no boating or driving-parties, and no flirtation. Sea and land are to be enjoyed, if at all, in solitude.

The feminine opinion of Orkney is closely analogous to that of those ungrateful gentlemen who occasionally resort to its shores in consequence of little embarrassments in Vanity Fair of a nature calculated to impress on their minds the advantages of temporary seclusion. Ovid at Tomi was not more disconsolate than these individuals, and in the bitterness of their heart they have made many unseemly gibes about their shelter—such, for instance, as that, there being a little refuse left after the six days of Creation, it was carelessly dropped into the sea and called Orkney. Probably the visitor has heard some such jeer before starting. A youth who by appearance is related to "the young man called John" of the allegory of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is pretty certain to make the old joke, "Going to Orkney, are you? Ah, let me see. That is where they ate the missionary, was it not?" But the British father, when he has made up his mind to go somewhere or do something, is not going to have his intentions set aside by any light quibbling or sneering; and all this depreciation only serves to give a fillip to his enjoyment. Though he may have grumbled at every fashionable summer resort to which he has been unwillingly dragged for the past ten seasons, having made up his mind to have a holiday all by himself, he has suddenly turned the most appreciative of men. Never did the sun rise more beautifully than that morning when, unable to sleep, he was pacing the deck of the steamer when it majestically loomed up from the waters. At the various stopping places he fishes from the side with the zest of a boy; he asks the captain about the coast; he inquires of the young man with the gun what the names are of the sea-birds that rise and flap over the surface of the water for a mile or two; the shoal of porpoises is a phenomenon to him, and he longs with the ardour of a lover for a glimpse of a Greenland whale.

In the islands everything is, on the whole, rather better than he expected it would be; though the inhabitants, far from exhibiting the local pride of ordinary natives of a show-place accept the general verdict with touching fatalism. So it is almost like a discovery of one's own to find out how beautiful are the low hills, covered with purple heath; and how blue and clear is the water, as it rises and falls round the shores of a hundred islets. And, for a man of sober taste, the place is by no means dull. In a good season there are generally three, four, or even five covies of grouse, of habits so clever and wary as to provide several months shooting to sportsmen who love plenty of exercise more than big bags. No doubt the lochs, in season and out of season, are poached with every known contrivance—night-lines, "otters," and even nets—but still trout survive in sufficient quantities to render angling a not wholly profitless and hopeless task. There are also many acquaintances of an amusing kind to be made. Among the rocks of Rousay and Papa Westray, even on flat Shapinsay and quiet Burray, the ubiquitous artist is seen plying his vocation, and in the grey, worn churches, near the ruins of the Picts' houses, around the silent standing stones, in the inmost recesses of Maeshowe—most mysterious of ancient chambers—the cheery archaeologist, spectacles on nose, and note-book in hand, is preparing material wherewith to demolish some adversary; for antiquarians have lived at daggers-drawn from time out of mind. Under the educating process of listening to the conversation of these gentlemen in the hotel at Kirkwall, or Stromness, or Birsay, or St. Margaret's Hope, our typical British father becomes quite learned in runes, in circular and octagonal churches, in Broughs, and Pict castles and dwelling-places. He seems to have been transported back to the atmosphere of the Vikings, for everywhere remain traces of the wild marauders, and myth and legend—of their feasts no less than their fighting—seem to have got into the very air that, with its briny fragrance, hastens to salute every one who lands on the sea-washed shores of Orkney.

P. A. G.

PARISH RELICS OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.—Mr. Percy Betts writes as follows:—"In reference to your interesting account of the St. Clement Danes relics, will you allow me to point out that silver snuff-boxes were presented to Churchwardens down to a far later period than 1826. My father, the late Daniel Betts, who was Churchwarden in 1871 and 1872, received a snuff-box of silver now before me, and inscribed with the usual parochial emblem of St. Clement Danes. "This snuff-box, together with a service of plate, value 120l., was presented to Mr. Churchwarden Betts as a token of the great esteem in which he is held by his fellow-parishioners, May, 1873," and to this testimonial I find *The Graphic* was among the list of subscribers. My father also collated the ancient records for the appendix to the 'History of St. Clement Danes' (2 vols.: Diprose, Bateman, and Co., 1874-6), where you will find in vol. 2, page 328, a most interesting extract from the 'Close Roll, 1652, Part 47, Mem. 40,' in which the fact is disclosed that seven acres of a 'ffield or close of land, with pasture-ground,' called 'Flickett's Ffield,' was sold in 1652 for 100l. 5s. A portion of this 'field' is now occupied by the Courts of Justice and the new branch of the Bank of England, and the whole plot, which extended from Chancery Lane nearly to Newcastle Street, must now be worth, at least, a million and a-half of money; a tolerably good 'unearned increment,' within about two centuries, to the heirs and successors of 'John Hooke, Esqre., Francis Clissory, Doctor of Physicke, and John Bestoe, Gent.,' the assignees of 1652."



# "THE OUT-PATIENT,"

## A TALE OF A DOG.

REPRINTED FROM THE PALL MALL GAZETTE, 31ST MARCH, 1888.  
CANIS SUM: HUMANI NIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

ON SUNDAY MORNING, July 31st, 1887, a hospital porter heard a dog barking at the door; he, though a kindly man, thought of his patients, and went to drive the dog away. Instead of finding one dog he found three. Two white and tan fox terriers were standing up on the top of the flight of steps, while a long-haired collie lay beside them, looking very sorrowful, for he was sorely wounded, and lay in a thick pool of blood. The moment the good porter showed his face the two terriers bolted, leaving their lame comrade at the door. At this moment a medical student came in, and he at once treated the collie as an ordinary patient. On examination it was found that the dog had an artery cut on his right foreleg, with a gaping wound three inches long. The leg was dressed and bandaged, the hæmorrhage was arrested, and the dog lay outside the hospital on the grass for a couple of hours, and then went away. Such is the story of Bob, a drover's collie. The friendly hospital was KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, and the touching incident made a great sensation at the time. While some were sceptical, many were touched by the simple pathos of the little drama. Mr. Yates Carrington, the eminent dog painter, happened to read the incident in the papers, and at once went down to the hospital to make inquiries. He was also struck by the kind and intelligent sympathy for the distress of their comrade shown by the fox-terriers. "If it is true," he said, "why should I not tell the story on canvas?" He made his inquiries; Mr. Mosse Macdonald, the Secretary of the hospital, gave him every help; the dogs in the drama were discovered, and the result is the picture which Mr. Carrington exhibits at the Academy this year.

Of this picture we were favoured with a private view. There was the picture on its easel, occupying the place of honour in the cosy studio, flanked by half-a-dozen other pictures of dogs—toy dogs, terrier dogs, mongrel dogs—which Mr. Carrington loves to paint. The famous Teufel had just left the platform on which he had been sitting to his master, and Mr. Carrington told us how he painted "The Out-patient." "I read the story, set off at once to the hospital, and Mr. Macdonald kindly gave me every assistance. A thick patch of blood was still on the hospital steps, and starting from that we traced it all round the back of the hospital to a spot in Clement's Inn, called Yates's Court. In the boarding between the court and the enclosure of the Law Courts there was a hole just large enough to admit the dog. Below the hole was a piece of glass. This discovery, and the state of the pavement, which was like a slaughter-house, left



From the Original, by the Celebrated Dog Painter, YATES CARRINGTON, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. Purchased by Messrs. PEARS.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All creatures, great and small.

No doubt in our minds that this was the scene of the 'tragedy.' While we were talking, Mr. Hutt, the bookseller, came out and informed us that his terrier was one of the actors in the drama, and thus No. 1 was secured. The second terrier belonged to his brother. The patient was the property of a drover, who in driving his cattle was frequently in the vicinity of the hospital. You see, the three dogs were evidently in the habit of meeting one another, for two lived close by the hospital, and the third often passed it. They were playing together on the Sunday morning. The collie cut his foot, and his little friends induced him to follow them to the out-patients' door of the hospital. The interesting point to me was that the dogs took their shortest cut through the various alleys past the back entrance to the hospital to the front door, mind you. The conclusion I came to was that the terrier had constantly seen patients carried in that way. The end of it all was that I got the drover to lend me the collie, and was also able to borrow the terriers. The collie was the most intelligent dog-sitter I ever had. 'Jack,' one of the terriers, did not at all approve of studio life, for on the fourth morning after his arrival here my servant informed me at breakfast that he had vanished. Little thinking that 'Jack,' who lived four miles away, and had never been up in St. John's Wood before, had been cute enough to find his way through Marylebone and Holborn, I wired his master, and received the reply that 'Jack arrived safely at 6.30 A.M., barking for admission in time for breakfast.' You see the blood in the picture," said Mr. Carrington, pointing to the red splashes on the door. "To paint that part of the picture I sent to the butcher for some, and dabbed the collie's paw into it, but he would persist in licking it off, and with evident relish."

This pathetic and interesting painting—of which a replica is to hang in the hall of King's College Hospital as a memento of the event—has been bought by

**Messrs. PEARS,**

and can be seen, together with the celebrated picture of

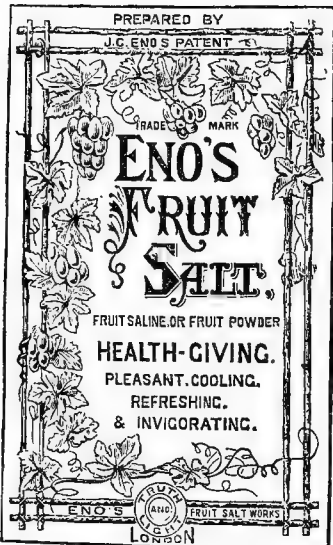
"BUBBLES,"

by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.,

on presentation of visiting card, in the Art Gallery at their offices,

71-75, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

## IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE

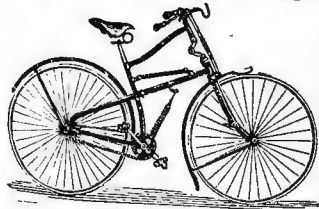


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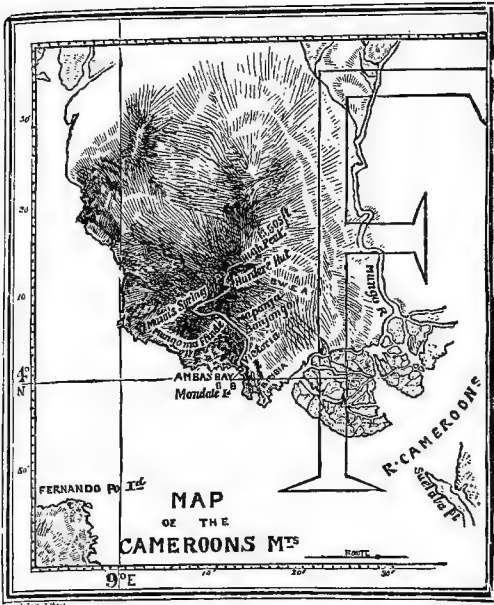
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# AN ASCENT OF THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS

BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., &c.



OR SOME MONTHS I had been living on a little island in Amba Bay, at the foot of the Cameroons Mountains. The scenery around me was unlike other parts of Africa, and, indeed, could hardly be paralleled in any quarter of the globe; for here, close to the Equator, a huge mountain-mass rose from these shores

nearly 14,000 feet into the heavens, clothed more than half-way up its vast bulk with a mantle of dense forest, and then exhibiting on its bare shoulders a score or more of minor craters, each in itself a mountain that would rank with the highest summits in the British Isles.

Seen from Mondolé—for that is the name of my green islet—the serrated ridge of extinct volcanoes bears a fantastic resemblance to the upreared jawbone of some Titanic monster, the acutely-pointed peak of Etinde at its seaward extremity being the canine tusk, and the many craters along the crest of the elevation so many decayed molars, which culminate in a mighty three-cusped "wisdom tooth" at the highest summit. Between my island and the mainland is the beautiful sweep of Amba Bay, with a chain of rocks and islets on one side, and a long, densely-forested peninsula on the other. To the south-west is the horizon of the

was equivalent to our early autumn, but answered more—as autumn often does in Southern England—to a second spring. The trees were putting forth fresh foliage, the flowers were again coming into bloom, birds were hatching their second broods, and new butterflies emerging from the chrysalis. Moreover, in the chilly regions we were about to visit we hoped to avoid the heavy rains of the summer months and the severe cold and boisterous gales of the winter.

I set out from Victoria (a little township on the mainland, opposite Mondolé Island, founded some thirty years ago by the Baptist Mission) with a mixed following of native porters and my own Kru-boys. Our first day's walk was about eight or nine miles up to Bonjongo, a large native settlement and mission station, situated amid majestic forest at an elevation of about 2,200 feet above the sea. Here the vegetation was eminently expressive of tropical wealth. Enormous *Bombax*, or cottonwood trees, towered into the sky, crowning their mighty grey columns of trunks with a canopy of light dentelated foliage. The handsome "barwood," with its glossy leaves and small fragrant blossom, the "kundi," or African teak, the "yellow-wood," the ebony, the "sauce-wood" tree, lofty parianiums, showering down with every gust of the breeze their ripe yellow plums, on which the green fruit-pigeons fed so greedily, great umbrageous sycamore figs, whose gouty trunks were wreathed with bunches of red fruit, velvet-foliaged acacias, sterculias, and eriodendrons; these stood prominently forward among the array of noble forest trees surrounding the grassy glades of Bonjongo. Then, also conspicuous, were the handsome *Dracena*, or dragon trees—an arboreal member of the lily order—which here reached a height of close upon one hundred feet, towering up above the lower trees, and exhibiting most effectively their clusters of long spear-like leaves against the sky. And then the palms—the graceful *Elais*, with its crown of delicate fronds poised on the summit of a lofty, slender trunk, and its tidy, compact bunches of orange-coloured nuts neatly tucked away at the juncture of the leaf-stems with the trunk; and, entire contrast, the stately *Raphia*, bearing the largest frond of any existing palm, developing but a short trunk and yet attaining a considerable height by the sheer ascent of its mighty plume-like fronds, while its huge masses of brown blossom, or its flat clusters of large scaly fruit depending heavily from the head of the palm, presented such a different appearance to the modest fructification of the oil-bearing *Elais*. This latter produces the celebrated palm-oil, which is the staple of West African commerce. The natives also drink the sap of the tree as "palm wine." The oil palm (*Elais guineensis*) will not flourish at a much higher elevation than two thousand feet, and, although it may be induced to live at a greater altitude, it fails to produce fruit. The *Raphia* palm, already alluded to, is useful to the natives chiefly for the building materials it provides. The fronds, with a little manipulation, make capital "mats" for roofing a house with strong thatch, and from the mid-ribs are made useful staves and rafters. All round about Bonjongo the flowers of trees and herbs offered brilliant masses of colour. There was the *Lonchocarpus* tree, bearing great sprays of mauve blossoms like the laburnum in shape and kind, and there were many shrubs and creepers of the same leguminous order, with gaudy flowers—yellow, purple, or white. The *Pentas* displayed its beautiful heads of scarlet flowerets, and in all the moist glades rose hedges of *Canna*, or "Indian shot," with flowers of deepest crimson. The numerous species of *Hibiscus* and *Pavonia* contributed their large blossoms of yellow, pink, or white to the wayside herbage, the mauve-pink *Ipomoea* convolvulus trailed over and festooned the bushes, and the ground was dotted with the bright blue flowers of the straggling *Commelina*.

Alas! to most of my readers this description will seem but a wearisome recital of unfamiliar botanical names, and they will be unable to call up before their imaginations the vivid beauty in colour and form of the tropical vegetation which clothes the lower slopes of the Cameroons Mountains.

As soon as my business at Bonjongo was finished, I ascended another thousand feet to Mapanja, another large native village situated at an altitude of about 3,300 feet above the sea. Here I put up with some young Swedish gentlemen who have recently come out to the Cameroons with the intention of making plantations and trading in india-rubber, which is produced in great quantities in these forests.

The next morning, having engaged a number of Mapanja people as porters, and having previously sent on five men to clear the path through the forest (which from disuse had become much overgrown), I quitted the last outpost of civilisation—the Swedes' dwelling—and started on the long climb to "Mann's Spring," which was to be my camping-place for the night. For a little way after leaving the native village we traversed plantations of bananas and edible arums (*Collocasia*), then we plunged—if you can be said to plunge when you are scrambling up hill—into the dark forest. The faintly-indicated track ran chiefly along ridges of rock, with a ravine on either side, and often we had to walk for yards along the slippery trunks of fallen trees, these sometimes bridging abysses of vegetation where, in the case of a fall, one might sink far out of sight before reaching firm ground.

The wild-flowers—now I am going to bore you with botany again!—were beautiful almost beyond description, especially the orchids, which were displayed with a variety and profuseness rare to Africa, where this strange and lovely group is but poorly represented as a rule. Some of the orchids—the majority—were terrestrial. There was one species with large heads of mauve purple-centred flowers. It grew in the forest glades with a luxuriance rivaling the wild hyacinths in English woods, and through all the vistas one caught the stream of tender, mauve, peach-like colour meandering beneath the soft green verdure of the ferns and lycopodiums. Another orchid grew in masses on the sodden tree-trunks, and its sprays of flowers were white and orange. There were *Angraecums* and *Habenanas*, and other orchids, white, white and green, purple, and flesh-colour, new to me and nameless. For the space of our ascent, between four and five thousand feet altitude, we were certainly in Orchid-land. What a scene, and what a subject for the transformation scene of a superior pantomime to be given at Drury Lane a quarter of a century hence, when the general public are educated up to it! Lovely girl postulants could imitate, on a gigantic scale, the sun-birds, the hawk-moths, the bees,

*Erythrophloeum*, from the bark of which a violent emetic is extracted by the "witch-doctors."



RAPHIA PALMS NEAR BONJONGO

hornets, and butterflies visiting the glowing calyxes of these fantastic flowers, which should spring from the ground in tall, sturdy clumps like the great *Lissochilus* orchids by the river banks, and hang from the "wings" and the "flies" after the fashion of the many strange and lovely epiphytic forms which frequent the moist depths of the equatorial forests. When the show of orchids lessened, the tree-ferns appeared on the scene, and added another element of beauty to the exquisite glimpses of forest glades which every turn and twist of the path revealed. In one place we passed for a hundred yards through a natural avenue of tree-ferns, which was named by Captain Burton (when he made his ascent of the mountain) "Fern Gate." Other ferns, though not arboreal, attained a considerable height above the ground owing to the immense size of their fronds, some of them being six feet in length. The trunks of nearly all the trees were thickly clothed with a rich mantle of ferns, often resembling a drapery of green lace. The ground was covered with a dense carpet of delicate lycopodium and orange-tinted moss, from which spongy surface little scarlet fungi gleamed in sheltered places. The prevailing flowers were white, cream-coloured, and pink balsams, bluish-tinted, yellow-centred begonias, mauve and white *Labiata*, and large white *Commelina*; also a strange-looking liliaceous plant, with red, wax-like, tubular blossoms, seemingly allied to the well-known "Golden Rod" (*Kniphofia*) of our gardens. Hereabouts the forest scenery had reached the climax of its beauty, and an appropriate *genius loci* presented itself in the handsome "touracos" (*Touracos*) which hopped and flitted among the foliage of the loftiest and most umbrageous trees, feeding in a desultory manner on the ripened fruits. These birds, beautiful alike in shape and in the colour of their plumage, seemed the embodiment of some graceful wood spirit who had chosen a form in harmony with its surroundings. The particular species found in these forests is coloured thus: body, grass-green; beak, yellow; ridge of head-crest, crimson; wings, purple, with scarlet pinions; and the long tail a deep, rich blue. It thus presented an epitome of the prevailing colours of the forest scenery—the tender green of the foliage, the purple-blue shadows of the forest depths, and the yellow and red of the young leaf-shoots and the blossoming trees. However, the touracos were indignant at our intrusion, and made no account of my out-spoken admiration at their vivid beauty as they flapped their blood-red pinions in lazy flight from tree to tree, but would ever and anon hide beyond some screening tuft of foliage, and scream loudly and harshly their accents of warning and dispraise; while the other denizens of the woodland—squirrels, birds, and little antelopes—would take heed to their cries and scurry away from our dangerous vicinity. Desiring to obtain a specimen for identification, I shot one of these touracos, and this, of course, amply confirmed their previous suspicions. The forest now resounded with the clamour of the



"FERN GATE"

Atlantic, from which rises the blue silhouette of Fernando Po, a large island, lying some thirty miles distant, which itself possesses a great volcanic peak attaining an altitude of over ten thousand feet.

With the interest naturally attaching to all lofty mountains in little-known lands, especially those in tropical regions, whose *fauna* and *flora* are as yet unstudied; and, in addition, the insatiable desire I possess, in common with most of my fellow-countrymen in modern times, of getting to the top of every scaleable height; it may readily be understood that I was impatient to ascend the highest summit of the Cameroons.

Nevertheless months continued to elapse after my arrival in the vicinity of these mountains before I could make the attempt. My residence in these regions was connected with other matters besides exploration, and it was some time before I could arrange an absence from my work of sufficient duration to enable me to ascend the mountains in a leisurely manner. A hurried rush I might have made, but this would have served no useful purpose or agreeable aim. At last my opportunity arrived, and, although we were still in the rainy season of the year, I resolved to start without delay—I may even state that the fact of its being the wet season was to me a further inducement to choose this occasion for my ascent, because none of my predecessors had ascended the Cameroons Mountains during the rains, and had consequently not seen the *flora* of these regions at its finest development. The season of the year I chose



A TOURACO





"THE DRYADS' HOME"

trees exhibited increasing quantities of white orchilla lichen (known in America as "Spanish moss" and "old man's beard"), hanging in frosty-looking festoons from their trunks and branches; and brambles, nettles, clematis, geraniums, forget-me-nots, and other plants of the temperate zones, made their appearance.

At about 7,000 feet altitude we emerged from the forest on to rolling, grassy downs, dotted here and there with patches of woodland, and occasionally sprinkled with huge isolated boulders of rock, or furrowed with the half-concealed corrugations of a lava flow. Here forms of life entirely strange to the tropical fauna and flora of the lower country made their appearance. Stone-chats, wheatears, larks, and buntings flitted, chirped, and sang about the lichen-covered rocks and the stretches of fragrant heather. Clover, dandelions, sow-thistles, campanulas, and hemlocks grew amid the wiry grass at the path's side. Against the sky-line rose the bold outlines of the broken-down craters; while the billowy sea of undulating forest land lying on the lower slopes of the mountain side was partially concealed and severed from our surrounding scenery by the long wreaths of white mist, which were really lazy clouds reposing on the tree tops.

Hitherto, although the rainfall had not been heavy, we had been completely soaked by our passage through the dissolving clouds; and now, on these breezy heights, the brisk wind drove our clammy clothes against us, and made us all shiver with cold. Despite the fatigue of the continuous ascent, none were willing to stop till the camping-place was reached. The continual trudging along a path only some six inches wide, cut deeply into the tussocky grass, where the legs were constantly bumped by concealed rocks or projections of turf, and where the footing—owing to the slippery moisture of the soil—was most insecure, became an almost insufferable exertion. At length, however, after some seven hours' walking from Mapanja, we left the open grass country and entered a dense and somewhat majestic forest, which was an outlying tongue of the woods below, that, owing to favourable conditions of soil, had penetrated higher up the mountain side. Soon after penetrating this woodland we heard the trickle of running water, and, farther on, the path was crossed by a tiny stream. Then, in a cleared space under trees of great girth and spreading branches, we saw a

has permeated the forest, the great hanging swaying curtains and scarves of lichen are all glittering with diamond-drops of water, and then some straying sunbeam comes and lights them up, and makes them sparkle, while it also turns to vivid golden-green the large-leaved foliage of the forest recesses to which these lichen hangings act as *portières*. When there is a further vista of purple-blue, indefinite shadow which the sunlight fails to reach, and the black, twisted boughs and gnarled tree-trunks, heavy with parasitic ferns, frame in the scene, then it is most fairy-like, and I commend it as another theme for a thoughtful *Fæerie*, or pantomime, to be called "The Dryads' Home."

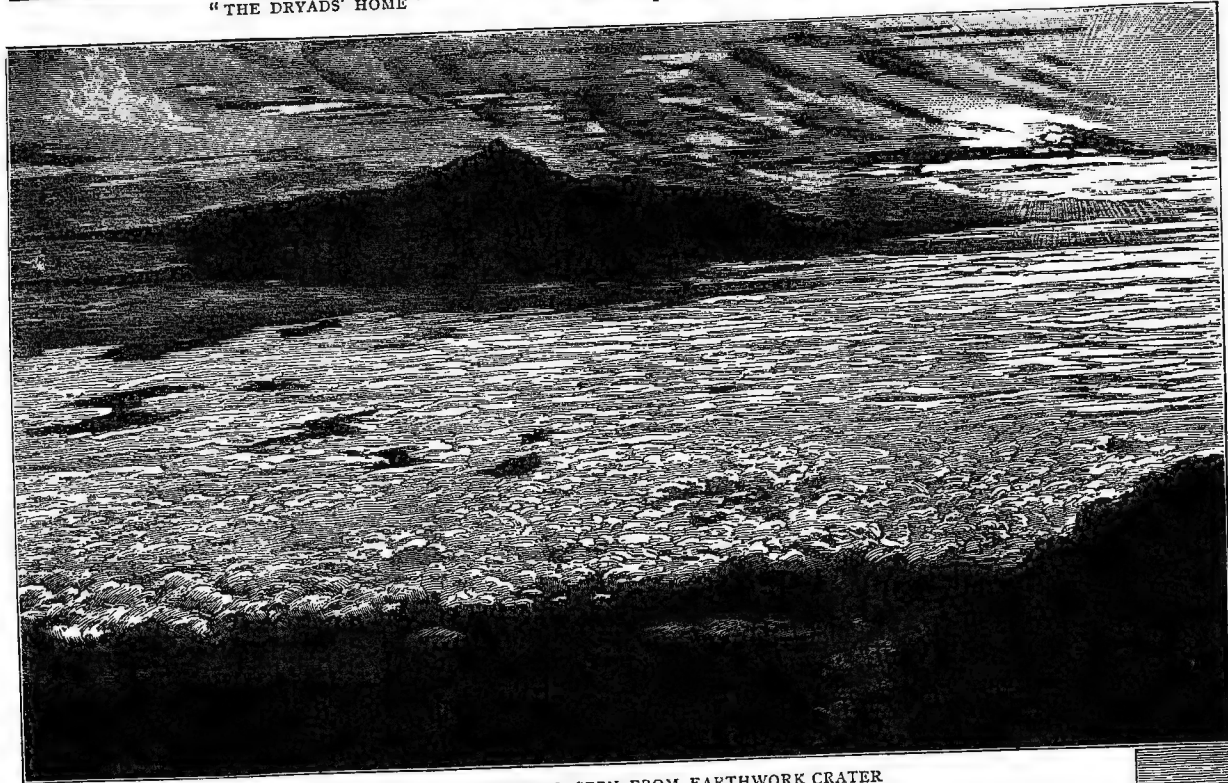
Mann's Spring is a favourite resort of birds, who always affect the vicinity of water, and here especially they make the air musical with their twittering songs and mellow love-calls. As man is a rare visitant here, the birds are very bold and fearless, and appeared to welcome our coming for the chance scraps of food thrown in their way. Alas! they soon had to rue their over-confidence. They had put themselves in the power of one whose natural tender-heartedness and love of living things are overborne by his interest in science. Of all the pretty bird-forms which came to drink and sport and bathe by the brooklet, or which hovered about the balsam-blossoms, some of every kind must die to illustrate the ornithology of the Cameroons. And so my native collector and I were soon engaged in skinning black and golden shrikes, metallic-green and crimson-breasted sunbirds, ruddy chats, olive-green warblers, dull grey grosbeaks, and tiny, indefinite, insect-eating birds of blue grey and russet-brown.

In this forest, too, I shot flying squirrels and small vole-like rats. These were the only mammals we saw, except when, very rarely, we got a hurried glimpse of a red-coated, white-striped *Tragelaphus* antelope.

We obtained from the wild bees that hived in hollow trees quantities of the most delicious honey, that, whether from cold or age, had become crystallised and nearly white. Flavoured as it was with the fragrance of the heather, it seemed to me the nicest honey I had ever tasted. Unfortunately I could only eat it with comfort at night-time, because during the day the bees would always find me out, and throng round the dish which contained the sweet store of which they had been robbed. If I attempted to dispute its possession they would buzz about me in a very threatening manner.

Protected with a mackintosh and knee-boots I sallied out in all the hours of daylight, no matter what the weather might be. Just behind Mann's Spring rose the bulk of a very remarkable crater, looking so exactly like an artificial fortification that Captain Burton christened it "The Earthwork." From its summit we had two very interesting views. One stretched right away over cloudland to the sea, whence, like the ghost of a mountain, or like the suspended Island of Laputa, rose the blue pyramid of Fernando Po. When the white mists suddenly parted, and this distant island was unexpectedly revealed to sight, right up in the sky, seemingly unattached to the earth, it appeared rather as some huge phantasmagoria, some celestial mirage, or land of Fata Morgana, than as an island of actual, terrestrial existence, encompassed by a watery ocean. For often it would rise above an ocean of clouds: a vast, rolling sea of grey billows, with here and there a fleecy crest of white overtopping the furrowed plain.

When the sun was setting near Fernando Po, and its crimson rays streamed over the level, closely-packed cloud-strata, the effect was truly marvellous, and almost awesome in its unearthly beauty and unfamiliar sky-perspective. The well-nigh illimitable cloud-field was for five minutes the most glowing salmon-pink. All its furrows had flattened down, its surface had assumed a uniformity of colour and of texture, and it resembled nothing so much as thin, outspread drugged of some fleecy Oriental fabric, dyed with the tints of a ripe apricot, and thrown lightly, so that here and there it rumbled, on a dark-green marble floor, which showed through



THE ISLAND OF FERNANDO PO, SEEN FROM EARTHWORK CRATER

indignant birds, which rang in our ears until we had mounted to a higher elevation than they cared to follow.

Above 5,000 feet in altitude the temperature was sensibly lowered, and we soon found ourselves in heavy mists, which blotted out for a while all the surrounding scenery. The wet mist at first covered us with tiny spicules of water, and then changed into thin, driving rain, and at last became a steady downpour, which percolated in heavy drops through the foliage. We were all soon so miserably wet and cold that none cared to stop anywhere for food and rest, but all pressed on to reach our camping-place, and arrange our shelter for the night. As we continued to ascend, the forest

small, tumbled-down shanty, the last remains of the former encampment of some Swedish travellers, whose names, in common with those of some German and English travellers, were deeply cut into the bark of the biggest trees. A little above the shanty, nearer to the extremity of the forest, was an artificially-made platform of soil upon which were traceable the foundations of a three-roomed house. This, I afterwards learnt, was the site of a hunting-lodge which a former German judge, employed in the Cameroons Protectorate, had intended to build as a health resort, but which project ultimately came to nought owing to his recall. The level platform now served me admirably as a dry place on which to pitch my tent, and also to erect my kitchen and my drying-house for natural-history specimens. The first evening of our arrival we could do little but put up the tent, and the oven had but scanty shelter in the patched-up shanty, but on the morrow I set to work industriously building, and in a few days we had made a little orderly village of five substantial houses, constructed with stout poles and withes, thatched and lined with grass. Such protection as this was really necessary to the men, who although clothed by me in warm jerseys, and provided with blankets, felt keenly the cold and damp. Our encampment was situated at an altitude of 7,350 feet, and the temperature ranged between 50 deg. and 65 deg. Fahrenheit; moreover, for the first week of our stay, we lived in a perpetual rainfall.

"Mann's Spring" is one of the few ascertained sources of water which issue from the sides of the main peak of the Cameroons Mountains. Although known from time immemorial to the native hunters, it was first discovered to Europeans by Mr. Mann, a botanist of repute, in the service of the British Government, who ascended the Cameroons with Captain Burton. Mann's Spring has since been very frequently visited, and is generally the goal and limit of the ordinary ascents of the mountain. The number of travellers who have penetrated farther, and ascended to the summit of the High Peak, is very limited as yet.

The forest round this tiny rivulet has a very fantastic though beautiful appearance, with the trees all wreathed and hung with long lace-like drapery of orchilla lichen, the colour of which is a pale greenish-white. When the mist or rain



A DESCENT INTO HELL



A LAVA FLOW



occasional rents and tears in the glowing material; for through the breaks in the cloud-field might be seen the sullen surface of the unlit sea. From out of this carpet of roseate clouds rose proudly the purple island of Fernando Po. The sky behind it was clear, but suffused with a pink mist, which gradually merged into the violet-blue of the zenith. During this wonderful five minutes the tints of the sky and the clouds would seem to tremble and dissolve through a gamut of all the most exquisite colours that a painter's eye can note with consciousness, while the blood-red sun, midway in the sky, seemingly slowly sank below an invisible horizon behind the edge of the layer of fleecy clouds. When the last bit of the lurid orb had been withdrawn from sight, the enchantment was at an end. The pink sky, which in its mingling with the higher azure had imitated the colour of the unexpanded flowerets of the forget-me-not, was now turned to an ochrey-yellow, with one dirty patch of Indian red where the sun had died; the purple delicately-outlined mass of Fernando Po had changed to an indistinct object of cold stone-grey; while the beautiful field of fleecy cloud was no longer an Eastern drugget—it had become a workhouse blanket of neutral-tinted drab. The feast of colour was finished; the scene, like some seer's vision of a better land, was being once more veiled and hidden with wreaths and curtains of rising mist, which had soon united into a blank white sheet of nothingness, and it was time to turn regretfully away and seek the cheery circle of the camp-fires, bright with the talk and laughter of the well-contented men, whose dinners were bubbling and stewing in the iron cooking-pots.

The other view to be seen from the summit of Earthwork Crater was of a different character and interest to the evanescent scene I have just described. It appealed but little to the artistic sense, while scientifically it was of great interest. One looked up the broad back of the highly volcanic mountain ridge in the direction of the invisible summit, the culminating triple crown of craters. Flowing, meandering through the groups of minor eminences was a broad stream of congealed lava, seeming almost to have been suddenly petrified in the middle of its tumultuous flow. It was like the instantaneous photograph of a torrent in motion. Here were small islands of trees and herbage which the flood of molten matter had capriciously left untouched, there the flow had been smooth and unruffled, yonder in the defiles between the hills it must have boiled and churned, and risen in long, swelling billows, whose tortuous crests still traced themselves in wavy lines along the neck of the stony stream. But the wonderful thing about the aspect of this lava flow was the appearance it bore of having suddenly cooled and hardened as it swept down the back of the mountain. Melted sealing-wax, boiling hot, and suddenly poured over a sheet of rusty iron, would doubtless assume the same aspect in miniature. The edges of the lava flow rose about four or five feet uniformly above the untouched ground, just as any liquid poured over an unresponsive surface is seen to have retained unabridged the elevation of its borders. Throughout the whole descent of the lava stream were scattered jagged fragments of rock, and stones and boulders of various sizes, standing on end at every angle, or lying half-submerged in the congealed flow, suddenly arrested, as it were, whilst being whirled along, by the rapid petrification of the torrent. But that mosses, lichens, a scanty herbage, and a few stunted bushes had begun to speckle the surface of the black lava and grey scoria (these latter like the froth or foam of the torrent), and that this slight overgrowth had given a more stable aspect to the arrested flow of molten matter, one could have almost awaited its continued movement and renewed descent, and have hoped to witness from this secure elevation the rolling downwards of the imprisoned boulders, once more whirled round and round by the irresistible avalanche of boiling lava.

In the rare intervals of sunshine, generally in the afternoon, it was very pleasant to lie on the flattened edges of this Earthwork Crater, amid the wiry grass and sweet, fragrant heather, listening to the English songs of the larks, the stonechats, and the buntings, while the busy bees droned and buzzed amongst the flowers. Sometimes the clouds would be wafted round us by the fluttering breeze, and would appear as the thinnest curtains of white mist, through which could be dimly discerned, as through a muslin veil, the bright colours of the sunlit landscape. Then, when tired of lying prone on the rim of the old crater, I would scramble down into its choked-up mouth. At the very bottom of the hollow there would be a tumbled group of black rocks with dark crevices and mysterious holes between them. In such a place as this one could imagine Dante gliding in between the boulders, and descending through some dark recess into the way to Hell. I had no curiosity, however, to emulate his explorations, and shrank from adventuring my limbs in these uncertain descents.

One side of the crater, as is generally the case, was decayed and broken down, and over this collapse of the rim the ejected lava had evidently flowed out, but at a much earlier date than the mighty lava-flow I recently described.

One could see but faint traces of its course, which mainly consisted in an irregular line of rocks in the ravine or valley that cut through one side of the crater slope. These rocks and ridges of lava had been so worn and decayed by the action of wind and rain that their triturated fragments had formed in sheltered crevices the richest soil, and there had been created the loveliest rock-garden you could



A ROCK GARDEN

conceive. Masses of brilliant flowers, delicate tapestries of fern, patchwork carpets of moss and lichen, diversified, but did not wholly conceal, the scattered rocks, which here and there reared jagged pinnacles above the ferns and flowers. In the deep hollows, cracks, and crevices, oozing moisture dripped continually down conduits of moss into unknown depths, and flat symmetrical fern-fronds concealed the black matrix of the rocks with wreaths, flounces, and skirts of green lace.

In some places there were cups and hollows in the stone from which a tall fern, or a luxuriant chervil, or a graceful hemlock sprang in selfish solitude, thriving in the exclusive possession of its own niche. There were thick bushes of *Hypericum* (St. John's wort), with large yellow many-stamened flowers, in whose shelter the black-and-gold buntings and their brown, dowdy females perched, and sang, and twittered. There were blazing yellow clusters of sunflower-like *Coreopsis*, and the pale pink crowns of crassulaceous plants like houseleek, and azure-blue blossoms of a creeping monocotyledon like the blue spider-wort, and the ruddy-

gold *Helichrysum*, and a pale white blue-lined crocus. The place was alive with birds. Besides the buntings already alluded to, there were pied stonechats of black, brown, and white, chocolate-brown swallows, grey grosbeaks, and speckled larks. One day from the summit of the crater I saw a herd of four large antelopes crossing the lava-flow. Their coats were a light yellow-brown, and the hair was long. The male carried a fine pair of horns. From what I could see through my binocular-glass, they belonged to the genus *Cobus*. As soon as they got our scent they were off with a rapidity which rendered fruitless any attempt to follow them on foot.

When we had sufficiently explored the vicinity of Mann's Spring, we began to move nearer towards our goal, the culminating peak of the ridge, and for this purpose transferred our camp to a place known as "Hunters' Hut." This was a small shanty of sticks and grass, a night shelter for the native hunters—principally men from Bwea—who crossed the mountain on trading excursions, or for an antelope hunt. The walk from Mann's Spring to Hunters' Hut was of a most interesting character, and the general aspect of the scenery called to mind the Scottish hills rather than African volcanoes. The fresh, crisp air, the misty sunshine, the grassy downs, the heather-clad hills were strangely like the Highlands. Yet when one looked downward towards the south, there was Equatorial Africa spread in a living map at one's feet. There was Amba Bay with its two islands, Ndami and Mondolé (and on Mondolé my white house was clearly visible), and the long peninsula of Monanga; then came the indented Coast of Bimbia, and then the mighty estuary of the Cameroons River with its vast mangrove swamps canalised by a silver network of brooks, and its many tributary rivers with their distant courses clearly traceable for miles and miles by lines and flashes of light amid the dull purple-blue of the forested plains.

The coast as far southwards as Batanga was clearly visible, and along the southern horizon rose blue, jagged ranges of mountains that no white man has ever visited. On the main stream of the Cameroons River the white houses of the trading settlements were clearly made out, and one could even see ships lying at anchor thirty or forty miles away. To the eastward the eye rested on the unknown, on a land as yet blank on the maps, but beyond, here and there, the glint of a river, or the indistinct blue sierra of a mountain-chain, little could be distinguished in the vicinity of the hazy horizon.

This view unfolded itself most often in the mellow afternoon, when a flood of yellow light would throw the forested slopes descending to the river into the most vivid relief of golden-green and sombre purple, while the blue smoke from the native villages and plantation-clearings rose straight into the clear atmosphere; but ordinarily during morning and noon-tide this beautiful picture was shut out by heavy tiers of massive cumulus clouds, or only remained dimly discernible through drizzling mist.

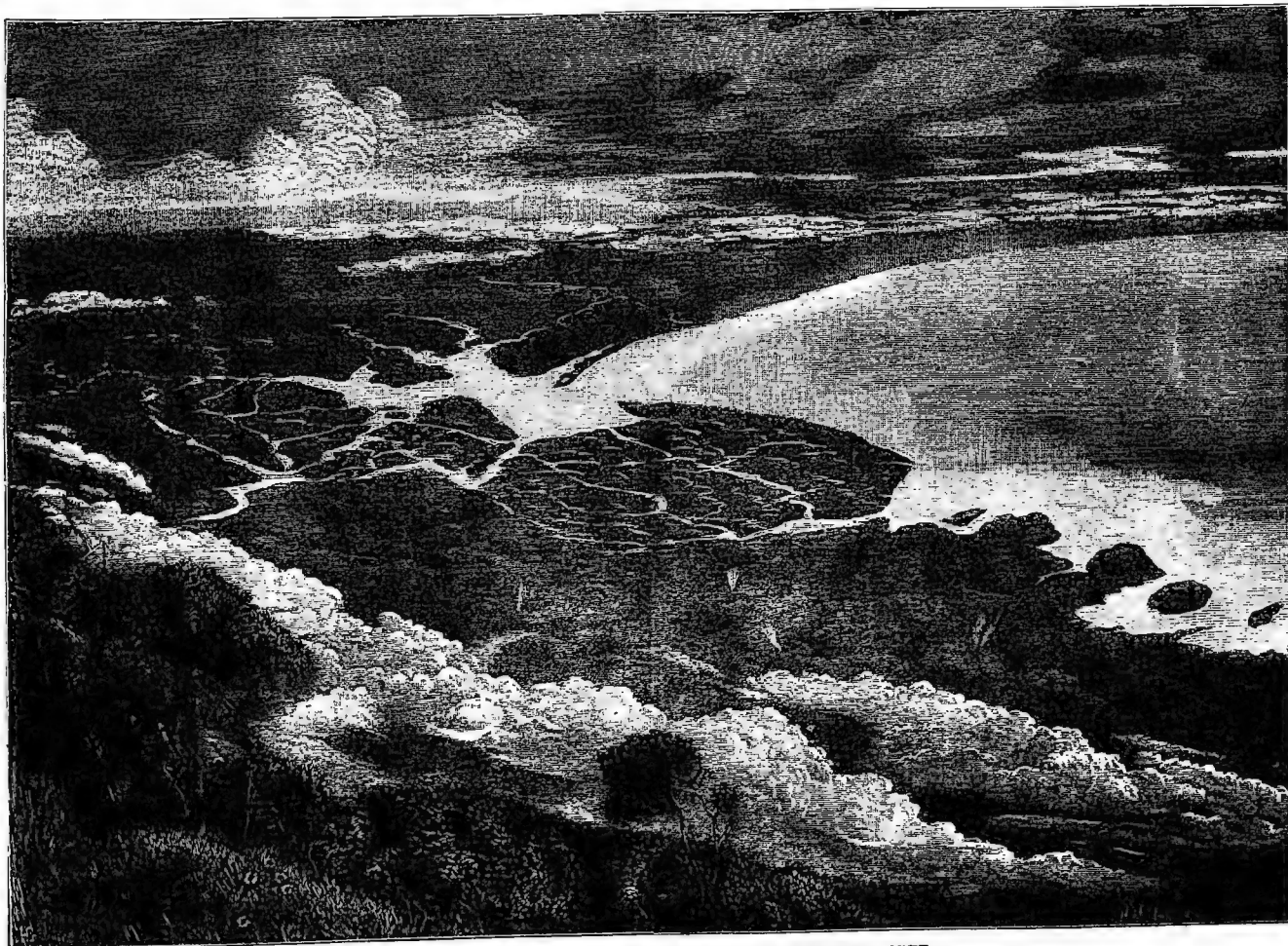
Along the track from Mann's Spring to Hunters' Hut there were many of those beautiful rock-gardens which I have previously described, and other interesting botanical features made their appearance. Large bushes of yellow *genista* grew on the hill-sides, and among the grass a pretty pink gladiolus (a dwarf species) threw up its stiff blue-green blades and rosy flowers.

The forms of the many craters we passed were very interesting; so also were the strange gulfs and clefts in the earth visible in some places. We also noticed many isolated pinnacles of rock stranded in the valleys between the hills.

"Hunter's Hut," our new encampment, was situated at about 8,300 feet in altitude, in a narrow peninsula of forest pushed up the mountain side. A nearly dry ravine ran through the little settlement, half-choked up with ferns and creepers. Some rain-water, collected in pools amid the stones, supplied us with that necessary element. This great ditch was crossed in several places by natural bridges of fallen trees, some of them beautifully fringed with ferns and violets.

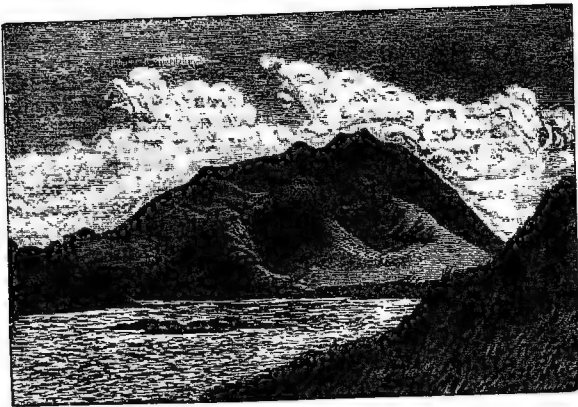
As is my custom everywhere, I set myself to work to make our new settlement comfortable and tidy. I directed the building of four new houses for my men, and four neat little huts soon arose on the cleared ground. They were built of poles, and thatched with

grass, and the doorways were prettily framed with branches of flowering *genista*. Then the next consideration was our food supply. The provisions we had brought with us from Mondolé were nearly exhausted, and, unless we could induce the mountain people of Bwea to supply us with food, we were threatened with starvation. So I despatched the cook on an embassy with tobacco, cloth, and many tempting gauds of finery. Fortunately, before he got far on the road, he met a troop of Bwea people, men and women, coming of their own accord with supplies of provisions for sale. They had heard from a Swedish gentleman travelling through Bwea that I was likely to be encamped hereabouts, and so they had hurried up to do a little lucrative trade, and see a new kind of white man. They carried neat, folding baskets, crammed at present to their fullest extent with bananas, yams, and cobs of Indian corn, and on their heads they poised a strange pent-house of palm-thatch, to protect themselves from the rain, a thing which certainly formed a most effective umbrella, though it took the form of a portable roof, about four feet long. Most of the men carried, in addition to this equipment, a musket, and a bag made of ante-



A DISTANT VIEW—THE ESTUARY OF THE CAMEROONS RIVER





A GROUP OF CRATERS

lopeskin, which contained their ammunition, their snuff-box, and their flint, steel, and tinder, besides a multitude of small packets, neatly tied up, and no doubt consisting of necessities and luxuries for the road.

The women carried the heaviest burdens, and whenever a husband or brother wished to relieve himself of some tiresome article among his paraphernalia, he cast it on to his sister, cousin, wife, or sweetheart, and she meekly added it to her previous load. It is, of course, the custom here, as throughout savage Africa, for the woman to carry the man's luggage. What an admirable arrangement! Man does the fighting, hunting, talking—all the dangerous and difficult work, in fact, and the woman quietly carries out the more humdrum, routine labour of everyday life.

These people from Bwea were a fine stalwart folk, and, if unhandy in their facial features, their bodies were grandly formed. One of the men might have posed for the Farnese Hercules, for his muscles were almost abnormally developed. The women had decidedly pretty, graceful features, and small, well-shaped hands and feet. Their hard work as carriers had certainly not marred their physical development. Indeed, I think more material labour of this kind would improve the bodily well-being of our women folk in England. Doubtless, in the good time coming, when education will have levelled all classes, and domestic servants have disappeared, the women of the family will undertake all the housework, aided occasionally in the rougher details by their schoolboy sons and brothers. And they will be all the better, physically and mentally, for the change. Even in the present day they might be employed more often to mow the tennis-lawn and carry one's Gladstone bag to the station.

As it was a chilly, wet afternoon when the Bwea people arrived, and they had come a distance of something like eleven miles, I treated them all round to a glass of hot grog, which so raised their spirits that when the rain was over they arranged a dance. We expected some amusement from this saltatory performance, but it was dancing of the lowest order, simply the stamping and posturing of apes, although accompanied in its grotesque movements by a quaint, rhythmic chant, which was, contrary to African usage, sung in the major, not the minor scale.

The next day the Bwea people said they all liked me (and, I am afraid, my grog also) so much that they would stop with me as long as I stayed on the mountain, and even return with me to the coast. They accordingly did so, with a result that gave mutual satisfaction to both parties.

Having well provisioned my settlement I began to make a start for the ascent of the high peak, the loftiest summit of the chain. The way in which my Kru-men and coast carriers suffered from the cold would not permit of my keeping them long at a great elevation and in a low temperature, accordingly I resolved to encamp halfway between "Hunter's Hut" and the summit (a distance of some two hours and a-half), and send my men back to the main settlement to sleep, while I remained up the mountain with one attendant. We left "Hunter's Hut" at eight in the morning, and reached my intended camping-place (at an altitude of 10,500 feet) by eleven. During the whole climb (which was very arduous, as we had to cross some fields of lava and *scoria*) it rained incessantly, and my unfortunate Kru-men turned slaty-blue with misery and cold. Arrived at our destination, I distributed grog with a lavish hand, and the men regained a little warmth, and were able to use their benumbed fingers in erecting my tent. As soon as this was done, I dismissed them, and remained alone with my guide (a Mapanja man named Esuka) and my natural history collector. By noon the sun had dissipated all the clouds, and shone out warmly. Then, in a moment, as if some giant's hand had rent the cloud-veil asunder, the mighty peak I was desirous to ascend appeared before me with startling nearness and distinctness.

He was truly an emperor among mountains, clad in robes of red, gold, and purple, like an emperor of ancient days or modern pantomimes. There was no difficulty, with this clear atmosphere, in distinguishing him from the crowd of lesser craters which surrounded his towering bulk like a retinue of courtiers, for not only were they below him in altitude, but, while he exhibited such gorgeous colouring, they were all uniformly clothed in unvarying brownish green. In my previous experience of great and celebrated mountains I have seen some renowned for their imposing height, or strange shape, or mighty bulk, and others remarkable for their extent of perpetual snow, or their ice-fields and glaciers; but I never encountered any mountain yet which could vie with the High Peak of the Cameroons in unusual beauty of local colouring.

Beginning with the central and highest peak of the triple crater, its left-hand slope at the top of the ridge had a broad strip of vivid Indian red (formed, in reality, by a layer of brick-red clinkers); then below this came a band of bright yellow (moss); this was succeeded by a large, irregular piece of purplish mauve (fine cinders), quite uniform in tint. On the right-hand side of the middle crater the prevailing colour was greenish grey (grass), dotted here and there with patches of gold and purple. The actual peak of the summit was purplish red, with a very thin gold edge. The lower portions of the middle crater near its base were bright green streaked with greenish grey where the long grass or the *genista* bushes predominated over the tender herbage. The crest of the crater lying to the right of the loftier central peak was a greenish grey in colour, streaked with red, while the crater rising on the left hand was purplish black in its peaks and upper rim, and a clear slaty-blue round its base, with a few green streaks down its furrowed sides. As before remarked, the minor subsidiary craters lying apart from the main peak were uniformly clad in brownish-green, and therefore offered a complete contrast to the vivid tints of the triple-crowned summit.

I took advantage of the clear sky and bright sunshine to photograph the peak, and then, equipping myself with various instruments, and throwing over my arm a mackintosh, I resolved to make my first ascent of the mountain that same afternoon, for I did not know when I might be favoured with such beautiful weather again, nor even how long this bright sunshine and clear sky might last. I found it unavailing to attempt to persuade either of my two followers to accompany me any nearer to the peak; their teeth chattered with fright at the very suggestion.

"Is it only the cold," I asked, "that you fear? Because it won't be cold on a day like this."

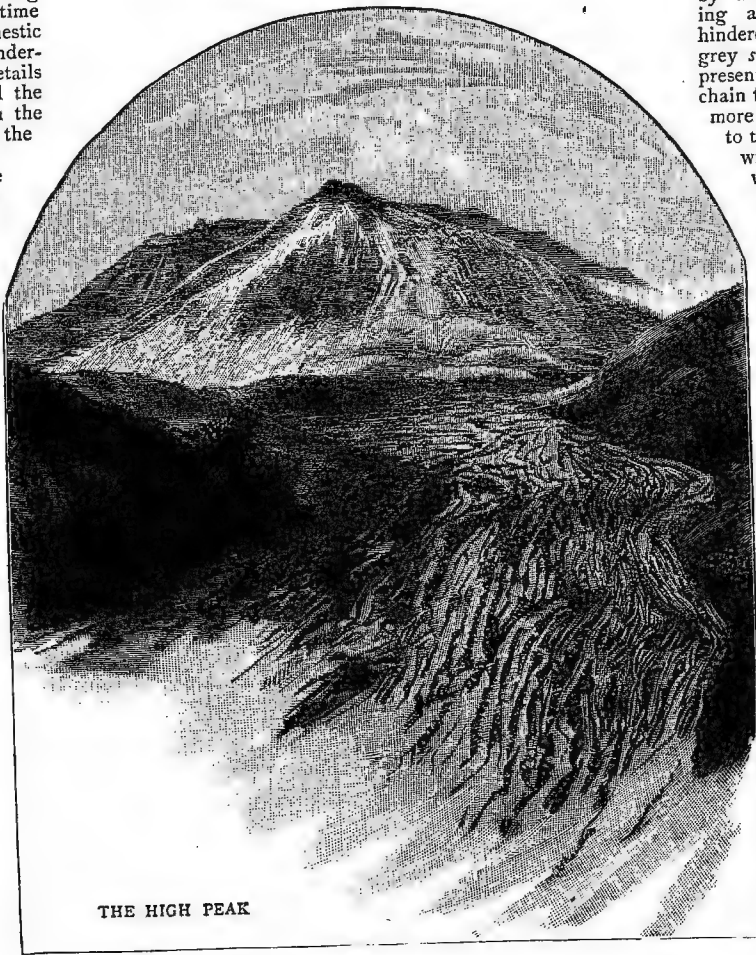
"N—no," they replied in their negro English, "we no fear for them cold too much. We fear for them ghost-man, Ehwasu. Bakwiri\* people say Ehwasu fit to kill any black man, 'pose he go for top of mountain (!)"

"Well, then, won't he kill a white man, too?"

"P'raps," was the laconic reply.

I questioned them further about "Ehwasu" as I stood eating my lunch (for I was anxious to lessen my burdens as far as possible before starting, and preferred carrying my lunch inside me), and I elicited that "Ehwasu" was a gaunt spirit inhabiting the summit of the mountain. He was only half a man ("Ehwasu" means "half" in the Bakwiri language). In front he was terrible to look at, for he had a black face with fiery eyes, a hook nose, an enormous mouth, bristling with jagged fangs, white wool, ears down to his shoulders, and a body of gaunt nudity and more than human stature. Behind, however, you only saw a stick supporting a hollow mask, and it would seem that Ehwasu was so justly ashamed of his incomplete nature that, provided you could get behind him and expose the fraud, he vanished and troubled you no more. But the difficulty was to complete your tour of inspection, seeing that Ehwasu was not only an artful dodger, but warded off a too near approach by brandishing an enormous club. Moreover, all Ehwasu's utterances took the form of the loudest thunder, which was naturally discomposing to one's nerves—indeed, as a matter of fact, all the local thunder and lightning were respectively the result of Ehwasu's soliloquies, and his attempts to light a fire with flint and steel.

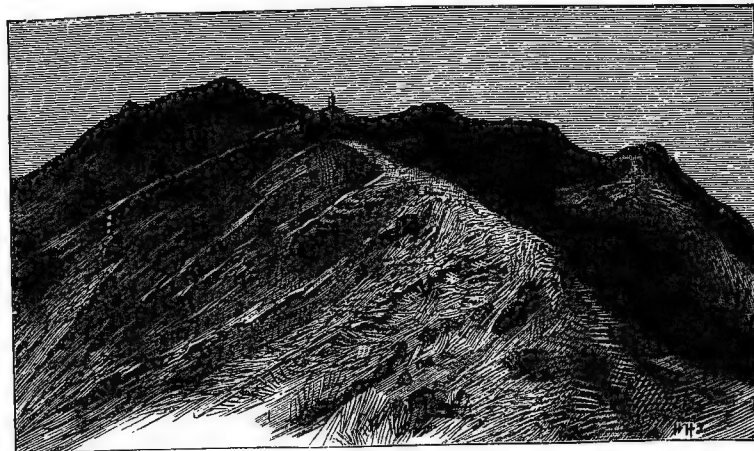
Ehwasu, my informants went on to relate, had a standing grievance against white men, inasmuch as they had several times invaded his domains, and yet had never presented him with a gun, although it was the ardent desire of his spiritual nature to possess



THE HIGH PEAK

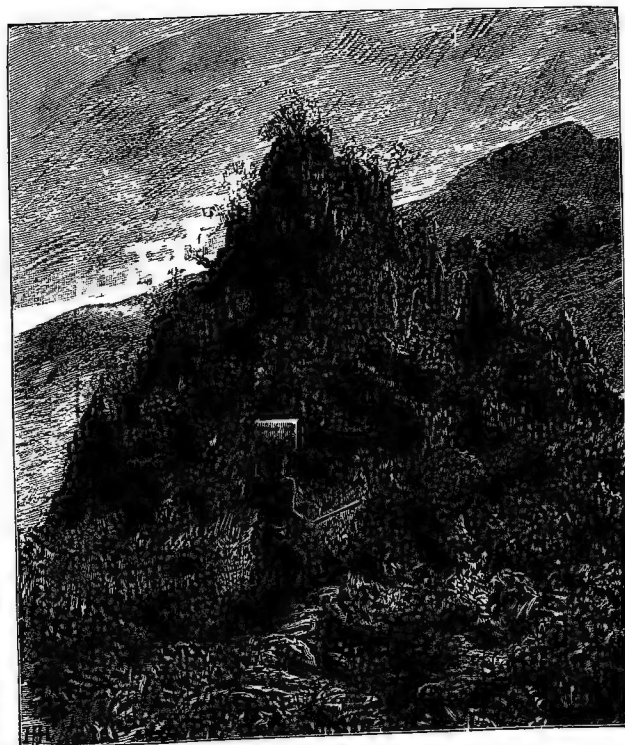
that weapon, so that he might be on a level with the leading mortal chieftains of the day.

My guide therefore feared for me, knowing my obstinate disposition, and strongly advised me to surrender my rifle, should Ehwasu demand it. I told him, however, that as he would not accompany me I should leave my gun behind, having quite sufficient to carry with my aneroids, my boiling-point thermometer, my compasses, sketch-book, and botanical portfolio. Intending to be absent but a short time, I only carried enough water to boil my thermometer, and also in my sudden hurry left behind my



THE SUMMIT

\* "Bakwiri" is the generic name of all the mountain people dwelling in the Cameroons Mountains.



ISOLATED PINNACLES OF ROCK

packet of provisions. Various delays had deferred my departure till three o'clock in the afternoon. I could not hope to reach the summit before five, and I must rely on the light of the crescent moon to guide me back to camp.

With the grand peak rising before me, brightly coloured by the afternoon sun, I hurried on towards my goal, traversing a series of grassy undulations with ease, but soon hindered in my progress by having to cross a wide extent of grey *scoria*. These winding beds of loose ashes and lava-rocks present a different appearance in the upper parts of the mountain-chain to that which they bear in lower altitudes. They are evidently more recent in origin or superficially the nearer one approaches to their source; that is to say, they are less and less overgrown with vegetation, and do not exhibit so much trace of being worn or decomposed by the action of weather. At the base of the high peak you would imagine these great layers of ashes had only been scattered there a few months since, and that just sufficient time had elapsed for a grey moss to have grown here and there in patches, where moisture had accumulated. This moss offers a most peculiar aspect. It is a light grey in colour, and crumbles in the hand like loose soil. At first it only spots the *scoria* like an eruption, and gives a mottled appearance to the deep purplish slate-colour of the cinders. Then, a little lower down, it gradually overspreads their irregular surface, until the whole extent of the bed is a uniform light greyish-green. To this sad-coloured overgrowth succeed brilliant golden-green and orange mosses of a higher order, then small ferns begin to lurk in the crevices of the harsh *scoria*, and they are followed by grasses and an increasing variety of flowering plants, among which may be noted a beautiful blue flower (a kind of *Veronica*), yellow "everlastings" (*Helichrysum*), tall *Senecios*, with mauve or yellow flowers, and most of the rock plants, which I have previously described, in the vicinity of Mann's Spring.

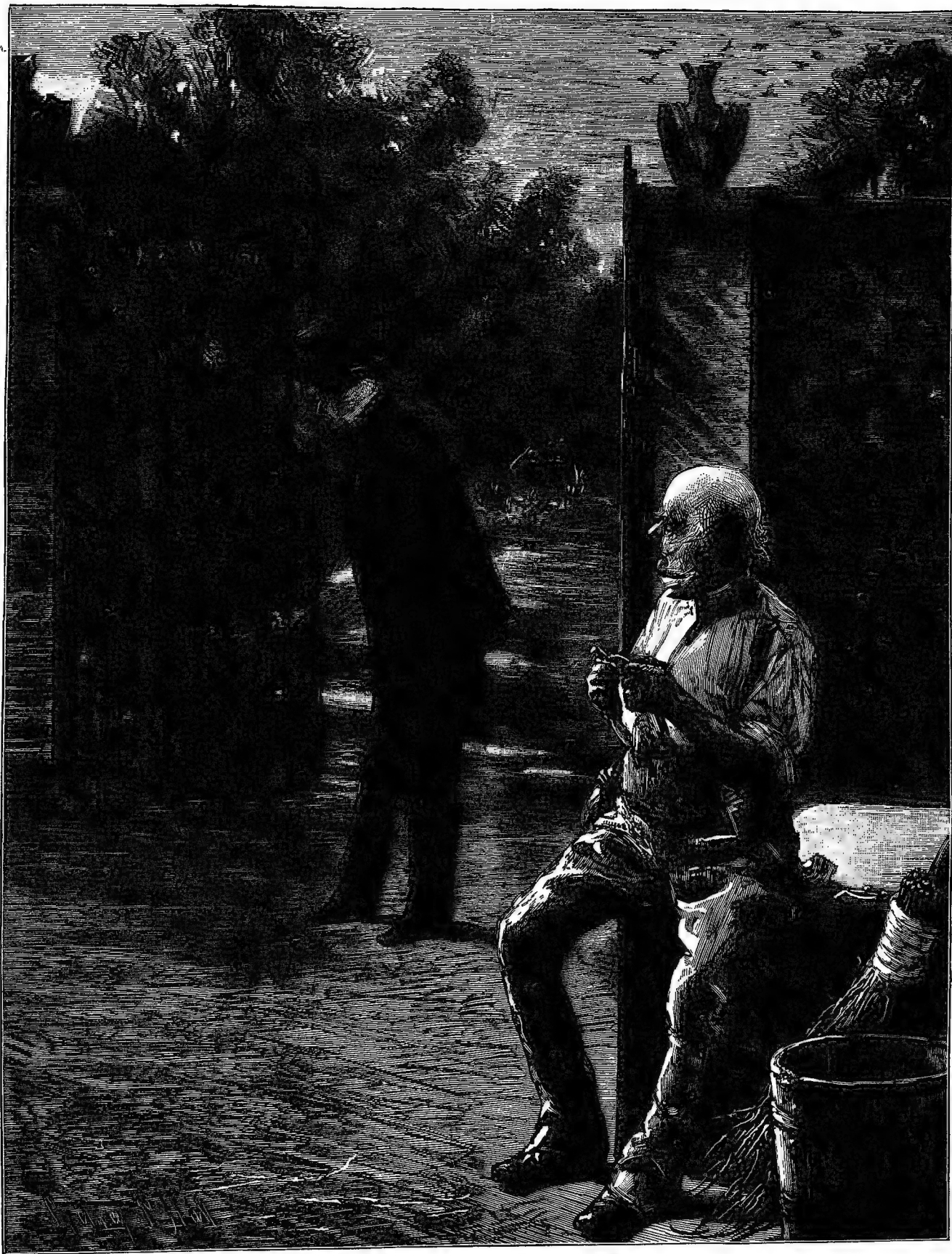
It was both difficult and dangerous walking over these furrowed fields of loose *scoria*, especially at this altitude. Lower down the mountain the greater abundance of vegetable growth bound their loose fragments together, and one only suffered from the sharpness of their weather-hardened surface; but here a chance step would send a whole ridge of piled-up cinders crumbling, and in an avalanche of their rasping fragments one was launched on a dangerous descent into some deep and jagged crevice. Although preserving a uniform average level across the whole width of their bed, these rivers of *scoria* were deeply furrowed with long ridges and ravines which ran longitudinally with the course of the descent. The edges of the flow of cinders—if I may apply such a word as "flow" to solid, stationary matter, which bore the appearance of an arrested stream—rose about five or six feet above the ground outside its limits, and were often so abrupt and perpendicular as to be unscaleable. Nearly all the soil in the plains and valleys between the craters was covered with the meanderings of these streams of lava and *scoria*, but where hillocks or mounds or the passes of the craters arose, the ground was free from *scoria*, and densely clothed with short turf, and in some places immense tussocky grasses, resembling roughly the Pampas grass in their mode of growth. When I had scrambled over the narrowest portion of the cinder-beds, I found myself walking along the sides or round the bases of a large group of craters, and my progress was even more impeded than it had been among the loose *scoria*, for I had to wade through a dense mass of closely-growing clumps of this bushy grass which completely concealed the soil, and was at least two feet in depth.

At last I struggled out of the rank herbage on to a clear ridge, on which large shrubs of *genista* and an arboreal heath were growing. Here the ground was covered with the finest black cinders, looking just like coal-dust, but for their bluer colour and larger particles. Here the walking was pleasant and firm. I was now at the actual base of the High Peak, and directed myself towards the central and highest point of the triune crater. Its slope was too steep to climb in a direct line, so that I had to attempt to scale it in a zigzag. The sides of the peak were covered with many diversely-coloured soils and growths, which accounted for the brilliant colouring to which I have previously alluded. There were wide extents of blue-black, finely granulated cinders, uniform in surface, and often exhibiting a large area free from even a blade of grass; there were other sections of the slope clothed with a thick refulgent carpet of golden moss; then would come tracts thickly clothed with dull-green wiry-grass dotted with bright blue flowers, with here and there a disagreeable ridge of *scoria* spotted with grey lichen. In many sheltered niches, or on little shelves jutting out from the steep slopes, grew handsome clumps of silver-leaved "everlasting" flowers and mauve *Senecios*.

I did not find the ascent of the High Peak so trying as some of my predecessors, nor did I suffer in the least from mountain-sickness, swimming in the head, deadly faintness, or loss of voice as

(Continued on page 306)





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"What am I doing of? I'm a rubbing up Master George's little silver spurs as you gave him first time he ever rode to hounds."

# "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C. &C.

## CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE, May was playing with Mrs. Martin Bransby's children, in the delightful old walled garden; and Mrs. Martin Bransby herself was looking on from the shade of a trellised arbour. These two had become very good friends. Whether Mrs. Bransby was or was not aware of her stepson's rejected suit, May had no means of knowing; but she felt instinctively that Mrs. Bransby was not likely to be super-sensitive on her stepson's behalf, nor to bear her a grudge for having refused him. Theodore's absence was not lamented in his own home. His young half-brothers and sisters openly rejoiced at it; and even his father felt that life went on more pleasantly without him.

May's popularity with the children was a sure passport to their mother's heart; while on her side Mrs. Bransby had developed a most endearing trait of character: she liked Owen Rivers, and was always happy to welcome him to her house. Although Owen admired her beauty and elegance extremely, there was no alloy of coquetry in the preference she showed for his company. Indeed, Owen told his Aunt Jane that Mrs. Bransby's delight in adorning her graceful person came nearer to being a pure case of *l'Art pour l'Art* than any he had ever witnessed. Nevertheless, the most transcendental of artists enjoys appreciation. So it chanced that on this special afternoon, Mr. Rivers being announced just when she was urging May to remain and drink tea with her, Mrs. Bransby at

once suggested that, perhaps, Mr. Rivers would stay too, and be kind enough to see Miss Cheffington home. Mr. Rivers handsomely acceded to the proposal; and these three persons passed a very agreeable afternoon together.

The romping, happy children, with that disregard for any "plurality of worlds" theory which belongs to their age, accepted the whole arrangement as being ordained for their sole and peculiar enjoyment. Under this impression they declined to allow Owen to remain lounging beside their mother in the shade, but imperiously required him "not to be lazy," but to "come and play." He withstood the clamour of the boys for some time; but when three-year-old Enid toddled up to him, and gravely seized one of his hands with both hers, evidently under the conviction that she was quite able to drag him off with her by main force, it was impossible to resist any longer. A very noisy game—known to the younger Bransbys under the alliterative appellation of "Tiggy, Tiggy, touchwood," and which involved a great deal of confused rushing about, and shrill vociferation—was proceeding in the liveliest manner, when forth from the long window of the drawing-room stepped a figure at sight of whom Martin, the eldest boy, stopped short in a headlong course, and Bobby and Billy were so surprised that they checked a wild halloo in their very throats.

It was Theodore. He was dressed in travelling garb (Theodore had appropriate costumes for every department of life; and adhered to them as punctiliously as a Chinese), and was advancing with his

usual erect gravity towards his stepmother, when, catching sight of May and Owen, he stopped, surprised in his turn.

"Dear me, Theodore, is that you?" said Mrs. Bransby, rising and coming forward. "When did you arrive? We did not expect you. You did not write, did you?"

"No; I took a sudden resolution to run down for a week. I wished to consult my father about a little matter of business, and I wanted change of air besides."

In answer to Mrs. Bransby's nervous inquiries whether the servants had attended to him, and whether she should order his room to be prepared, he replied,

"Thanks; I have given the necessary orders. My valise has been carried upstairs. I will go and wash my hands, and then I shall ask you for a cup of tea, if you please," glancing at the table already spread beneath the trees. Then he marched up to May, who was standing on the lawn with a look of little less dismay than the children ingenuously exhibited. He raised his hat with one hand, and shook her reluctant hand with the other, saying in his deliberate accents:

"This is truly an unexpected favour of Fortune. I knew you were in Oldchester, but I scarcely hoped to find you *here*. How do you do, Rivers?" (This in an indefinable tone of condescension.) Then again addressing himself to May, he said, "You have not had any communication from town this morning?"

"No."



"Nor from Combe Park?"

"Oh, no!"

"Ah! I imagined not. May I beg the favour of a word with you presently? I am only going to get rid of some of the dust of travel. You will still be here when I return?"

May was tempted to declare that she positively must go home immediately. But before she could speak Mrs. Bransby answered for her: "Oh, of course Miss Cheffington will be here still. I do not mean to let her run away just yet."

Then, with another formal bow, Theodore returned to the house, and disappeared through the drawing-room window.

There was an awkward silence, broken by Martin's exclaiming, in a solemn tone, "He's just like the vampire!"

The laugh which followed came as a relief to the embarrassment of the elders.

"Martin!" exclaimed his mother, reprovingly.

"Well, mother, he is," persisted Martin, who was unspeakably disgusted at the sudden quenching of the festivities. "What does he come stalking and prowling like that for? He's *exactly* like the vampire!"

May and Owen avoided each other's eye, feeling a guilty consciousness that Martin had in a great measure expressed their own sentiments. Certainly, the whole party appeared to have been suddenly iced. The three younger children were dismissed to the nursery; and Martin and his sister Ethel voluntarily withdrew, feeling that all the fun was over. A large slice of cake apiece was looked upon as very inadequate amends, and accepted under protest.

"I should think he might have stayed in London when he was there," grumbled Martin, as he walked away, viciously digging his heels into the turf at every step by way of a vent to his injured feelings. "Nobody wants stalking, prowling vampires *here*. Why couldn't he stop in London?"

As though "stalking, prowling vampires" were generally admitted to be popular members of society in the metropolis.

Mr. Rivers and the two ladies beguiled the time until Theodore should return, by drinking tea, and discussing Miss Piper's forthcoming musical party. Curiously enough no one said a word about young Bransby. They all seemed to avoid the topic by a tacit understanding. But though out of sight, he was not out of mind:—at any rate he was not out of May's mind. She was secretly wondering what he could have to say to her. Could he possibly intend to renew his offer of marriage? The idea seemed a wild one; nevertheless, it darted through her mind. One could never tell, she thought, what his obstinate self-conceit might lead him to do. However May resolved, come what might, to cling tightly to Mrs. Bransby's sheltering presence so long as she remained in that house; and in going home she would have the protection of Mr. Rivers's escort. Even Theodore Bransby could scarcely propose to her before these witnesses!

At length Theodore reappeared, brushed and trim, in speckless raiment. He took his place at the tea-table; and after the exchange of a few commonplace remarks, silence stole over the company. Theodore seemed to be waiting for something; and from time to time he looked at Owen as though expecting him to take his leave. Finally he cleared his throat, and said gravely, "Miss Cheffington, I see you are not taking any more tea; may I crave the favour of a few words with you?"

"Oh, please, I think I *will* have some more tea," said May, hastily pushing her cup towards Mrs. Bransby. Theodore, who had half risen from his chair, bowed, resumed his seat, and folded his arms in a waiting attitude. Then May added, with desperate resolution, "Will you not be kind enough to say what you have to say, now? I must be going home immediately; and I'm sure there can be no secrets to tell." She buried her face in her tea-cup to hide the colour which flamed into her cheeks as she said the words.

"If you desire it," returned Theodore stiffly, "of course I shall obey. I merely thought you might prefer to receive painful tidings in—"

"Painful!" cried May, turning pale, and suddenly interrupting him. "Is anything the matter with Granny?"

A glance at his raised eyebrows reassured her, for the next moment she said, "Oh, how stupid I am! Of course you could know nothing, you have only just arrived. It isn't—it isn't my father, is it?"

"Pray do not alarm yourself, Miss Cheffington. Captain Cheffington is, so far as I know, perfectly well."

"Wouldn't it be better to speak out?" said Owen. As soon as he had spoken, he felt that he had no right to put in his word. But he could not help it; Theodore's self-important slowness was too exasperating.

"Yes; do, please," said May.

"There is no cause for alarm, as I said," returned Theodore, trying to look as if he had not heard Owen's suggestion. "But a shock—a slight shock—is apt to be felt at the announcement of sudden death, even in the case of a total stranger."

"Sudden death!"

"Yes; I regret to inform you that your cousin, George Cheffington, has been killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, when he was on a shooting expedition up the country."

All three of his listeners drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Oh!" sighed May, the colour returning to her cheeks and lips, "I felt a horrible fear for the moment about Aunt Pauline!"

"This is a very important event," said Theodore, looking over his cravat with his House-of-Commons air, and indicating by his tone that the fate of Aunt Pauline was a matter of comparative insignificance.

"I am sorry for poor old Lord Castlecombe," said May. "It will, of course, be a severe blow to your great uncle; all the more so that Mr. Lucius Cheffington is in deplorably weak health."

"Lucius is never very strong, is he?"

"He is never robust, but this season he has been extremely delicate. I have reason to believe that a very high medical authority has expressed considerable anxiety about him."

"Does Aunt Pauline know?—I mean about George Cheffington's death?"

Theodore drew himself up even more stiffly than usual as he answered, "I am not aware what means Mrs. Dormer-Smith may have had of hearing the news; but my impression is that it can scarcely yet have been communicated to her. The original telegram to Lord Castlecombe only reached him yesterday."

"Did they—Lucius, or any of them—ask you to tell me?" inquired May. It now for the first time struck her as being odd that Theodore Bransby should have been selected for an such office.

"Ahem! No. I was not precisely commissioned to inform you. But I was anxious to spare you the shock of hearing of this disaster accidentally."

The fact was that Theodore had seen the telegram in a London newspaper of that morning.

There ensued a short silence. Then Theodore said to his step-mother, with an elaborate shivering movement of the shoulders, "Don't you think it grows very damp, and chilly? I cannot consider it prudent to remain here whilst the dews are falling."

No one was sorry for this excuse to break up the sitting. Mrs. Bransby made a move towards the house; and May said it was time for her to be going home.

"With your permission, I will have the pleasure of escorting you, Miss Cheffington," said Theodore.

"Oh, no, please!—thank you. Mr. Rivers said—"

"I have undertaken to see Miss Cheffington safe home," said

Rivers. And Mrs. Bransby suggested that Theodore must be tired with his journey; and, moreover, that dinner would be ready at eight. But he disregarded both suggestions. "I shall enjoy a stroll at this cool hour; and I don't mean to dine. I lunched rather late, and will have something light cooked for my supper about ten. Do you mean to go, Rivers? Oh! well, I'll join you as far as Mrs. Dobbs's house."

Of course, under the circumstances it was impossible for May to say a word to prevent him. And accordingly he walked from his father's door on one side of her, while Owen strode on the other. As for May, she had been ready to cry at first with vexation and resentment; but after a while, the sense of something ludicrous in the behaviour of her body guard so overcame her, that she was very near bursting out into a fit of almost hysterical laughter.

The two young men were full of smouldering animosity towards each other. But they both manifested this feeling chiefly by a severe, and almost sullen, demeanour towards May. She felt that she was being marched along between them more like a detected malefactor than a young lady whom one of them, at least, had besieged with tender proposals. If she addressed a word to Owen, he answered her in dry monosyllables; if she spoke to Theodore, he replied as from a lofty pinnacle of freezing politeness.

"It only needs a pair of handcuffs to make the thing complete," said May to herself. Then she finally gave up all attempts to be conversational, and so they arrived at Jessamine Cottage in solemn silence.

As they walked up the little garden-path in the gathering dusk, they were overtaken by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. The latter, as soon as she recognised them, began to pour forth a fluent stream of talk, which did not cease when Martha opened the door; and then, in some confused way which neither May nor Owen could afterwards account for, they all found themselves crowding into the little parlour together. As for Theodore, he had from the first resolved to go in if Rivers went in, and to remain as long as Rivers remained.

Mrs. Dobbs looked up astonished at sight of Theodore. She glanced inquiringly at May, who had a queer look on her face, half-distressed, half-amused. Jo Weatherhead rose, staring glumly at the new arrivals, of whom Sebastian brought up the rear with an expression of countenance which showed that his temper was bristling like his hair. But Mrs. Simpson's sprightly eloquence spread itself impartially over all these shades of feeling, as water makes a smooth and level surface above the roughest bottom.

"So astonished, dear Mrs. Dobbs, to find Mr. Bransby, junior! Having not the slightest idea that he was in Oldchester, you know; and what a singular coincidence our coming upon them all three just at your very door, was it not?"

"Well," observed Sebastian in his rasping voice, "considering that we were coming to sup with Mrs. Dobbs, and that Miss May was on her way home, it would have been stranger if we had met at any one else's door."

"Now, Bassy, I will not be overwhelmed by your stern logic. Ladies are privileged to indulge in some little play of the imagination. Besides"—with an arch smile of triumph—"it really was the *fact* in this case. Oh! thank you, Mr. Weatherhead; any chair will do for me. Don't let me disturb—I suppose I may venture to make a shrewd guess, Mr. Bransby, that you have come down to attend Miss Piper's musical party? A great compliment, indeed, when one considers your professional occupations. But the bow cannot always be bent. Even Homer, I believe, is said *somewhere*—oh, no; he nods, I fancy: which, of course, is different. I really believe that Miss Hadlow will be the *only* star of our Oldchester firmament absent from the festive scene. Now acknowledge, dear Mrs. Dobbs, that you were surprised as I was. You did not expect this addition of 'youth at the prow'—if I may venture on the expression—to our little circle this evening. At the same time I must confess that three such sober young persons I never beheld. They were all as silent as—. It put me in mind of those beautiful lines: 'Not a drum was heard; not a funeral note, As his—' Not, of course, that there was anything of a funereal nature. Far from it."

This last touch overcame May's self-command. She burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter; breaking out afresh every time she glanced at Owen's face, provoked and frowning (though with a twitch at the corner of the mouth which showed he had to make an effort not to laugh, too); or at Theodore's, solemnly bewildered. She laughed until the tears poured down her cheeks; and her grandmother exclaimed: "May, May! Don't be so silly, child! You'll get hysterical if you go on that way." But the outburst relieved the nervous tension from which the girl had been suffering; and as she wiped her eyes she was conscious that the laughter had saved her from shedding tears of a different sort.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Simpson," she said. "I don't know what possessed me."

"Don't think of apologising, my dear Miranda. Indeed, why should you? Nothing is more delightful than the unaffected hilarity of youth. I'm sure I always enjoy it," returned the good Amelia with a beaming glance around her.

"It's lucky Amelia doesn't mind being laughed at," said Sebastian bitterly.

"Oh, fie, Bassy! We must distinguish, love. That all depends on who laughs, and *how* they laugh," observed his wife, with unexpected perspicuity.

"No doubt," said Theodore, "Miss Cheffington's nerves have been agitated by the sad news which I brought her this evening." He spoke in a low mysterious tone, addressing himself apparently to Mrs. Dobbs; although he did not do so by name. At these words Mr. Weatherhead pricked up his ears; and, although he had previously made up his mind not to say a word to this "young spark" until the "young spark" should speak him, his curiosity so far overcame his dignity that he could not help ejaculating,

"Sad news, ha! What news? What sad news,—eh?"

Theodore turned to Mrs. Dobbs, and pointedly ignored poor Jo, as he said, "Miss Cheffington will doubtless take a fitting opportunity of speaking with you about this event in her family."

"It's nothing that deeply concerns us, Uncle Jo!" broke in May, flushing indignantly, and speaking with impetuosity. "A certain Mr. George Cheffington has been accidentally killed out in Africa. But since neither you, nor I, nor Granny ever saw him—nor even heard of him until quite lately—we cannot pretend to be overwhelmed with grief."

"Nay! George Cheffington killed?" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs.

Theodore had turned very pale, as he always did when angered. (May had certainly meant to hit him, but she had no idea that the unkindest cut of all had been her publicly addressing Mr. Weatherhead as 'Uncle Jo'.) He answered slowly, "I should not have chosen this moment when you are—a—entertaining these—ahem!—your friends, to impart the intelligence. But Miss Cheffington has taken the matter out of my hands."

"George Cheffington," repeated Mrs. Dobbs, pondering. "Why let me see, now; he'll be Lord Castlecombe's eldest son. Poor old man! Oh, I'm sorry to hear it: very sorry. It's hard for the old to see their hopes die before them."

"I'm sorry for him, too, Granny," whispered May, somewhat penitent and ashamed of her vehemence. She had certainly betrayed a touch of the Cheffington imperiousness, and had spoken in a manner quite inconsistent with meek amiability. She had also made Theodore Bransby feel considerable resentment. Nevertheless, he had never been less inclined than at that moment to

relinquish the hope of making her his wife. Our passions have various methods of special pleading. But if reason presses them too hard, they will boldly substitute an "in spite of" for a "because," and pursue their aim as though, like Beauty, they were "their own excuse for being."

"Don't let us intrude on a scene of family affliction," said Mr. Simpson, drily. "Now, Amelia, we had better withdraw, I think."

"Don't you talk nonsense, Sebastian Simpson," returned Mrs. Dobbs, without ceremony. "Sit down, Amelia. I'm sorry I can't ask you young gentlemen to stay and share our plain supper, for the truth is I don't know that there's enough of it. But my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, would break an old charter if they didn't remain."

After that the two young men had, of course, nothing to do but to take their leave. Owen's good humour had quite returned. Wisdom and virtue should, no doubt, have made him disapprove of Miss May's little outbreak of hot temper. But the truth is, that this fallible young man had enjoyed her attack on Bransby. When the latter approached May to say "Good night," he murmured reproachfully, "you were rather severe on me, Miss Cheffington. I had no idea of displeasing you by what I said."

She was conscience-stricken in a moment, and answered quite humbly, "I beg your pardon if I offended you. But I thought you were not civil to Mr. Weatherhead, and that vexed me. Please forgive me." And she endured the tender pressure of her hand which immediately followed, as some expiation of her offence.

Mrs. Dobbs detained Jo Weatherhead that night for a moment, after Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had gone away, and May was in bed.

"I say, Jo, the death of yon poor man in Africa may bring about strange changes," said Mrs. Dobbs, looking at him gravely.

"Changes! How? What changes?"

"Well, not changes for me and you, except through other folks. But do you know that after Lucius Cheffington—who, they say, is but sickly—Lord Castlecombe's next heir is my precious son-in-law?"

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Weatherhead, making his mouth into a perfect round O of astonishment.

"Ay; but he is, though."

"Next heir! Viscount Castlecombe, of Combe Park, and all the property!" gasped Jo.

"I don't know about the property. Only what's entailed, I suppose. But if Lucius was to die, Augustus would be next heir to the title, as sure as you stand there, Jo Weatherhead."

## CHAPTER XX.

PROBABLY of all the persons in Oldchester, who knew or cared anything about the death of George Cheffington, May was the only one who did not immediately begin to make some calculations based on that event. The contingency of her father's succeeding to the family honours had not occurred to her. And her thoughts and feelings were now occupied with other things. But Oldchester gossips discussed it with gusto; or, at least, that small minority of them who interested themselves in the fortunes of the Castlecombe family. The old lord was little personally known in Oldchester, and the city had long outgrown any sense of the overweening importance of a Viscount Castlecombe of Combe Park, which might have had a century earlier. To most of the rich manufacturers of the place (whether they really thought themselves "as good as a lord" or not) a lord whom they never beheld, and into whose house neither they nor their children had the remotest chance of being admitted, was, at any rate, genuinely uninteresting.

In the rural parts of the county it was otherwise. People there could not be indifferent to the domestic history of a large landowner who resided during the greater part of the year on his estate. In many a country dwelling, from luxurious mansions down to mere labourers' cottages, George Cheffington's untimely death was canvassed. From a matrimonial point of view he had been considered the best match in the county, and dowagers with daughters to marry had looked forward to the time (often spoken of, but always postponed) when he should give up his colonial appointment, settle down on his inheritance, and choose a wife. And there was a large number of persons (tenants and dependents) to whom the heir's character and conduct were matters of deep importance. To these, Mr. Lucius Cheffington suddenly became an interesting personage. Lucius had been very little at Combe Park since his boyhood, and the report which gradually spread in the neighbourhood that he was a chronic invalid, was received with many head-shakings and long faces. It seemed impossible that a Cheffington should be delicate or weakly. "Look at the old lord," people said; "why, he was sound and tough as a yew-tree!" And the last time Mr. George was at home he had proved himself a true chip of the old block by out-riding, out-walking, and out-cricketing all his contemporaries.

But that was years ago. Now George was stricken down in his strength, Lucius lay ill of a low fever in London, and Lord Castlecombe sat lonely and sorrow-laden in the home of his fathers.

The old man was not one to seek for sympathy, nor even to tolerate much manifestation of it. The only being to whom for many weeks he mentioned his dead son's name was a superannuated stable-helper, who had set "Master George" on his first pony, and in whose mind that somewhat selfish and hard-hearted individual had never outgrown the engaging period of boyhood. "Master George" was the old man's idol, and "Master George" had, to a great extent, reciprocated the man's liking, partly, perhaps, from the sort of gratified vanity which makes us all prize the exclusive attachment of any generally unamiable creature, biped or quadruped. Old Dick was characterised by his fellow-servants as a crusty old curmudgeon, and was notorious for a formidable power of swearing, which he wielded freely, without much respect of persons.

The first day after receiving the news of his son's death, Lord Castlecombe towards evening walked out in a very unfrequented part of the grounds, a path between two high holly hedges, leading by a back way to the stable-yard, and there, with his hat pulled low on his brow, his head bent, and his hands clasped behind him, he paced slowly, plunged in bitter meditation. When he came to the corner whence the stables were visible, he caught sight of old Dick seated on an ancient horse-block, and busily rubbing at something in his hand. Lord Castlecombe stopped short, and looked at the man, who evidently saw him, but made no sign, neither ceased a moment from his occupation. After a minute or so, Lord Castlecombe called to him to ask what he was doing, and received no answer. He repeated his question. Still no reply. A third time he spoke, in a harsh, angry tone. And then Dick turned round upon him, and with a tremendous volley of oaths, answered furiously, "What am I doing of? I'm a rubbing up Master George's little silver spurs as you gave him first time he ever rode to-hounds. I've allus kep 'em bright from that day to this. And I ain't a-going to leave off now, because some d—d blundering fool as didn't ought never to have been trusted with a gun—I wish I'd the rewarding of him, curse him!—has been and put an end to the boy. That's what I'm a doing of, if ye *must* know."

A tear fell on the little burnished spur; and then another, and another. But old Dick rubbed on. And his master, after a short silence, came and laid his hand upon his shoulder, and then walked away without a word.

After that, Dick was privileged to do what the boldest parson's wife in the county dared not attempt:—talk to Lord Castlecombe about his son George.



Most of the letters of condolence which he received, Lord Castlecombe tossed aside contemptuously after glancing at the first line. But one letter he read through, with a heavy frown on his face, and an occasional drawing-down of the corners of his mouth into a bitter smile, far more sinister than the frown. It was from his niece Pauline; and its composition had cost her much thought and anxiety. She flattered herself that she had avoided saying a word which could jar on her uncle's irascible temper. And the letter in itself was a good letter enough; but it was a letter which should not have been written at all, if her object were to soothe and conciliate Lord Castlecombe. Pauline did not allude directly to her brother Augustus; but the very fact of her writing seemed to bring his existence offensively into notice. She refrained from expressing any special anxiety about the health of her cousin Lucius. Yet the few words in which she "hoped to hear of his speedy recovery," made the old man writhe as he read them. Pauline had tried to combine duty with policy. It was, of course, her duty to condole with her uncle in his bereavement, and it was clearly desirable not to irritate the dislike with which as she more than surmised, he regarded Augustus. But the whole calculation was based on a misapprehension of Lord Castlecombe's feeling towards her brother. It was neither more nor less than hatred. And now jealousy was added to it:—a strange, savage jealousy, on behalf of his sons. George—his strong, healthy, hardy eldest-born—was gone. And Lucius—Lucius was not dying. No, no; not so bad as that. But he was very weakly. And to think for one instant of the possibility that Augustus Cheffington might some day reign in their stead—might lord it over the heritage which he had so carefully garnered for his own sons—was maddening. Any one but Augustus! he said to himself. Any distant scion, the son of some impoverished far-away cousin, parson, lawyer, apothecary. Any one, any one, but Augustus!

But of the passionate intensity of this hatred Pauline had no suspicion. A cleverer and more acute woman than she might not have guessed it. No one, in fact, ever guessed it; unless it were Lucius, and he only in part. His own sensitive antipathy to Augustus was an incomparably feebler sentiment. Lucius had no strain of his father's vigour, whether for good or ill.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith had also written by the same post to May. This epistle was more hastily dashed off, and faithfully reflected the wavering mood of the writer. One of her first preoccupations was whether, under the circumstances, it would or would not be desirable for May to pay the promised visit to Glengowrie at this juncture. She did not disguise from herself that George Cheffington's death opened up the possibility of a very different future for May from any which could hitherto have been contemplated. It became a question whether it would be prudent to accept Mr. Bragg. At all events it would be well to avoid precipitation. Mr. Bragg was a fine match for a dowless girl:—even for a (dowless) Miss Cheffington. But what if May's father were destined to become a wealthy Peer of the realm? That might be still but a distant possibility. Lucius was not thought to be in any present danger, and certainly might recover. Of course he might recover. And he might marry, and transmit the title and estates in the direct line. But—Pauline felt that there was a "but" of vast import. And then there were minor cares connected with that great duty towards "society" which she so diligently endeavoured to perform.

"I am most anxious about your mourning," she wrote to May. "It is positively preying on my mind. Of course, nothing could be in worse taste than any assumption of woe in this case. You never saw poor George, and the kinship is not a very close one. In fact, had it been one of the Buckinghamshire Cheffingtons, to whom you are related in exactly the same degree, I do not know that any mourning at all would have been necessary for you. But, of course, the heir to the head of our family occupies a different position. At any rate, do not err on the side of exaggeration. White, with *nacres* of pale heliotrope, and jet ornaments; or some black fabric of light texture, with a little jet beading, would probably meet the case. But it is impossible for me to give you precise directions. I am too far away to know what is *bien porté* at this moment. Would that I could be near you! But I cannot break my 'cure' at this point. Carlsbad has done me good, on the whole; although, of course, the anxiety on your account, connected with this painful news, has to some extent thrown me back. Mrs. Griffin's taste might be thoroughly trusted; and, if she would undertake to order your mourning from Amelie—. But now I think of it, Mrs. Griffin will not return to England until she leaves the Engadine for Glengowrie. And here, again, I am greatly perplexed what to advise in your best interests. *All things considered*, it might be well for you to put off going to the Duchess. There will be the excuse of this terrible news about poor George, you know.

"I fear that I have written in a sadly *déconçu* fashion; but I cannot help it, and my poor head warns me to leave off. As usual, I have to pay for intense mental effort. Carlsbad has not altered that." And the letter concluded with a postscript: "Pearl-grey gloves."

The only clear idea which May gathered from this letter was that her aunt virtually held her released from her promise to go to Glengowrie, and left her free to do as she pleased. She carried the letter to her grandmother, saying, "Granny, I shall not go to Scotland after all. I shall stay with you, whether you like it or not. Oh, don't ask me to *explain*. I often feel with regard to Aunt Pauline like a deaf person watching dancers. There is something which regulates her movements, no doubt. But it is generally mysterious to me."

Mrs. Dobbs privately thought that in this case she held a clue to the mystery. "Ay," she said to herself, "Mrs. Dormer-Smith sees, just as I saw from the first hearing of it, that great changes may come to pass from this poor man's death. And she don't want May to commit herself too soon. Lord save us! 'tis a sad, low, worldly way of looking at such a matter." At this point some scarcely-articulate whisper of conscience made Mrs. Dobbs's brow redden; and she added mentally, "Well, but if May likes him? If the man's in earnest, and she likes him, it'll all come right in the end." Nevertheless, Mrs. Dobbs had begun to entertain shrewd doubts as to May's caring one straw for the unknown gentleman of princely fortune.

May, meanwhile, made haste to put her escape beyond the danger of Aunt Pauline's changing her mind. She wrote to Mrs. Griffin, saying that she should not be able to accept the Duchess's kind invitation to Glengowrie. She gave no reason. The excuse which Aunt Pauline had suggested she could not find it in her conscience to put forward. "If I had wished very much to go, that would not have stood in my way," she said to herself. "And it would be base and shocking to play the hypocrite about such a tragedy."

Neither did she think for a moment of refusing Miss Piper's invitation. There had not been wanting a hint that she ought to do so. Mrs. Bransby asked her if she meant to go to the musical party at Garnet Lodge; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "Well, it seemed to me that it would be quite overstrained to refuse. But Theodore persisted that you would not go; said it would be *inconvenable*. He almost quarrelled with me about it. You know Theodore's infallible way of laying down the law."

It need scarcely be said that if anything could have strengthened the young lady's determination to attend Miss Piper's party, it would have been hearing that Theodore Bransby took upon himself to object to her doing so.

(To be continued)



IT is strange that of the noblest-natured, and for a long time the most famous, of the Teutonic tribes there should hitherto have been no history in our language. Yet, while acknowledging his vast debt to Gibbon, Mr. H. Bradley says that his "Goths," (Fisher Unwin) is the first English book on the subject. He so treats it that the book is one of the best, and, we think, will be one of the most popular of the "Story of the Nations" Series; for he gives in a thoroughly enjoyable style the results of original research as well as of a careful study of Dahn and the other modern authorities. Nothing in history is more pathetic than the destruction by Narses of the Ostrogoth power in Italy—the death at Tadiño of young Totila, "their Harold II., as Theoderic is their Alfred," and that of King Teia on the slopes of Vesuvius, whereby the peninsula was handed over to the tender mercies of Franks, Lombards, and other baser invaders. Mr. Bradley is always interesting, whether he tells how the Goths abstained from burning the libraries at Athens ("Let the Greeks have their books, such toys will keep them from giving us trouble in war"), or gives the story of Wulfila (Ulfilas), or Belisarius's stand against Witigis, or the sad romance of Placidia, or the yet sadder tale of Amalaswintha. The Visigoths he follows through all their strange fortunes, ending with "The Legend of Roderic." Their conversion from Arianism (A.D. 590) is one of the strangest incidents in their career, and proves that the epithet *bigot* (Visigoth) was never less deserved than by a people whose distinctive feature was religious indifference. Mr. Bradley identifies the Goths with Pytheas's Gottones (on the Frische Haff), whom four centuries later the elder Pliny describes as living in the same neighbourhood; the Eastern limit of their progress was the Crimea, whither, in the fourth century, they fled from the Huns, and which, till the eighteenth century, was called Gothia.

The speed with which a second edition of Mr. Parkes's "Unfinished Worlds" (Hodder and Stoughton) has been called for shows that the work has been deservedly appreciated. Mr. Parkes answers in the negative the question so fiercely disputed a generation back between Sir D. Brewster, Dr. Whewell, and Baden Powell whether or not the planets are inhabited: they are so manifestly "young and undeveloped." In his "Thoughts on Theories" he pokes fun at the blunder about Bathybius, and at the assumption that "cells are in many respects like monads." A corpuscle is something quite different from a monad, of which Drs. Dallinger and Drysdale have given an exhaustive history. The book is full of interest, but is Mr. Parkes right in saying Sirius is now a white star? Does he not constantly bicker out now blue, now red, as in Ptolemy's days?

"Raybirds and Robins" (Elliot Stock) is a pretty story of how a family, whose verdict on themselves is "somehow we don't seem a bit like other children," is trained to self-reliance and usefulness. Fabian is all through a fine, unselfish boy; but how Bridget learns the beauty of self-sacrifice, though her good kind aunt "doesn't understand her," is well worth reading.

Since Sir F. Head wrote his "Bubbles from the Brünnen," foreign watering-places have never been treated in such a lively way as are the "Austrian Health Resorts" (Chapman and Hall), by Mr. W. F. Rae. As he explains, most works on "waters" are purely professional; he, writing for the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Times*, gives us scenery (twenty picturesque ruined castles in the Sugana valley); politics—Bohemian home rule, which the Magyars oppose as strongly as Colonel Sanderson does the Irish article; literary gossip—what Humboldt, Goethe, Heine, &c., said and did while taking the waters; as well as a careful account of new places, like Roncegno, near Borgo, a valuable arsenical chalybeate, and Giesshübl-Pachstein (a younger Carlsbad), and of places, like Meran of the grape cure, as yet insufficiently appreciated. Everything is in Mr. Rae's book, from the reason why the Jews swarm at Carlsbad to the marvellous smallness of Tyrolean doctors' fees. He is archæological to boot; going back to the days when Gastein was a gold-field, and comparing the Marienbad (and Russian) steam bath with that used by the old Irish. He might have added that the mud (or rather peat earth bath) was also in favour in the sister isle in the days of the Brehon law.

An owner of Welsh land believes that a "History and Geography of Wales" (Jarrold) will not only be useful for children but will help to draw tourists. He is a strong Unionist, and has no sympathy with the aspirations of "gallant little Wales," but thinks that "symptoms of discontent should at once be noted, and their causes removed quietly, graciously, and quickly." His print is as big as that of a child's primer; but Caerphili (which he does not mention) is surely more interesting even to grown children than Newtown, and in the paragraph about Meath a line might well have been devoted to its waterfalls and to the underground rambles of its tributary. He gives separately the history of each county.

Miss Bevan's "Three Friends of God" (Neslit) tells how Tauler, one of the friends, was brought to a right mind by the straightforwardness of another, Nicholas of Basle, who, when all Strasburg was sitting at the eloquent Master's feet, ventured to tell him that self was the object of his worship. It is a little doubtful whether Tauler's "friend of God from the Oberland" was this Nicholas; it is still more doubtful whether the third friend, Henry of Suso, has any claim to be classed amongst "the Brethren," whether he was not simply a Roman Catholic mystic. His life is full of what Miss Bevan calls "foolish legends," which she attributes to his biographer, Elizabeth Steglin. She is in a dilemma, for she must confess that Henry, in his book on "The Eternal Wisdom," fills several pages with "the Worthy Praise of the pure Queen of Heaven." Whereupon Miss Bevan comforts herself with the thought that haply "idolatry so degrading, so blasphemous, so senseless," is an interpolation from Bernard of Clairvaux. Her position is a hard one, but that does not hinder her book from being full of true unction.

We should be ashamed of ourselves if we laughed at details, and pointed out that the arrangements in "Our Priests and Their Tithes" (Kegan Paul) are more likely to succeed in Utopia than in England as it is. The author would be quite justified in replying that his plan is one for making England what it ought to be. Criticism is disarmed before a man so deeply in earnest, and so loving and unworldly in spirit. Ingenious he is, too, in using the argument *ad crumenam*. "If," he points out (p. 198) "vast numbers of our sons and daughters were withdrawn from business and set to Church work, the plethora in trades and professions would be reduced, and commerce might become a little brisker." His panacea is for tithes (which must be paid on pain of the penalties denounced in Malachi iii.) to be personal, not local, made over for ever to Bishop or priest, his heirs or assigns. Safeguards are provided against misappropriation by unworthy holders; but how if the tithe-producing property largely sinks or rises in value? The same difficulty (unequal incomes) would begin which has long interfered with the ideal perfection of the parochial system. To read such a book will be good not only for Church people, but for all who long to have done with the present game of cross-purposes, and to make religion a living thing by drawing class to class. It is full of hints, which some, at least, would fain try to carry out; and in the remarks on celibacy, on portable altars, on penance for peccant clergy, on the duty of Bishops to provide suitable maintenance

when a priest marries a portionless wife, there is at once a freshness and a savour of old-world simplicity which again and again reminds us of the Scotch Church.

Our debt to this old Scotch Church has never been more fully recognised than by Canon Turnock in "One Body" (Wells Gardner). His aim being to prove the continuity of our Church and its early independence of Rome, he naturally lays stress on the fact that Augustine's quarrel with the British Bishops was because they demurred to the authority which Pope Gregory had given him over them—"This was the first protest of the Church of England" (what will Professor Freeman say?) "against the encroachments of Rome." He also shows that the Italian missionaries were mainly courtiers. When therefore heathen kings succeeded those whom they had converted, there was a great apostasy; even in Kent and Essex, the Bishops of London and Rochester fleeing to Gaul, as Paulinus fled from Northumbria when Edwin was slain by Penda. The Scotch missionaries, who by mixing with the people Christianised more than two-thirds of England, "represented the British Church in its independence of Rome," an independence strongly maintained by Abbot Theodore against Wilfrid. To come to a later period, we are so accustomed to trace the immorality of Charles II.'s time to French influence and to the King's bad example, that it is startling to find Canon Turnock unhesitatingly attributing them to the Puritan breaking down of sanctions, and at the same time blocking up the ordinary channels of enjoyment. The little book will repay careful reading.

Full of common sense in small things, and in some great ones, and singularly free from avarice and personal ambition, "Madame de Maintenon" (Kegan Paul) cannot be acquitted of bigotry. The persecution of the Huguenots and the recall of the Edict of Nantes are always laid to her charge; and even Miss E. Bowles admits that "in bringing her influence to bear on religious matters, though she did much good, she made some very serious mistakes, probably owing to the guidance of others." Dr. Döllinger was probably right in calling Madame de Maintenon "the most influential woman in French history;" and Miss Bowles is well able to refute the slanders of St. Simon and the Duchess of Orleans, about her having begun life as Scarron's mistress; but why is she wholly silent about the *dragonnades*, and about the cruel destruction of Port Royal, and the bastilling of Madame Guyon? She must have felt that for a D'Aubigné, a Protestant born, to have helped in all this, or even to have allowed it to go on without protest, was not edifying.

Mr. Edward Moss had a splendid time during his "Season in Sutherland" (Macmillan). While we were shivering under wintry skies in mid-August, he, on 26th May (he does not name the year) was gathering roses—not common roses, but Triomphe de Rennes, and other choice kinds. Naturally his life is mainly taken up with fishing; and his experience of the Duplex Berthon Collapsible Boat is valuable, as is his "Supplementary Chapter" on improving the angling in the river and lochs of Borge. The death-warnings recorded in his appendix should be studied by the Psychical Society. The book is beautifully got up, with head-pieces after Mr. Crane's best style.

"Robert Schumann's Early Letters" (Bell), originally published by his wife, and now translated by Miss Herbert, are mostly to his mother, though there are a few to Ernestine von Fricken and Henriette Voigt, as well as to his future wife Clara Wieck. To Henriette he writes with rapturous effusion that Ernestine's father gives her to him. This is less than four months after he had penned a most affectionate epistle to Clara. His letters to his mother show real consideration and goodness of heart, and a cheerfulness which never gave way under the dire necessity of now and then borrowing a thaler ("Heavens, didn't I pitch into the roast veal." For days before he had not had a square meal). In the very early days when "Liddy was a narrow-minded soul, who cannot grasp a great idea," and "Nanni, that most glorious girl, was his guardian angel," he "could not endure Cicero, a petty-fogger and a boasting charlatan; Horace, a libertine," and so on. The whole book is interesting; not the less because it shows that Clara's "Idyllen" and "Romanze" led to her becoming Madame Schumann.

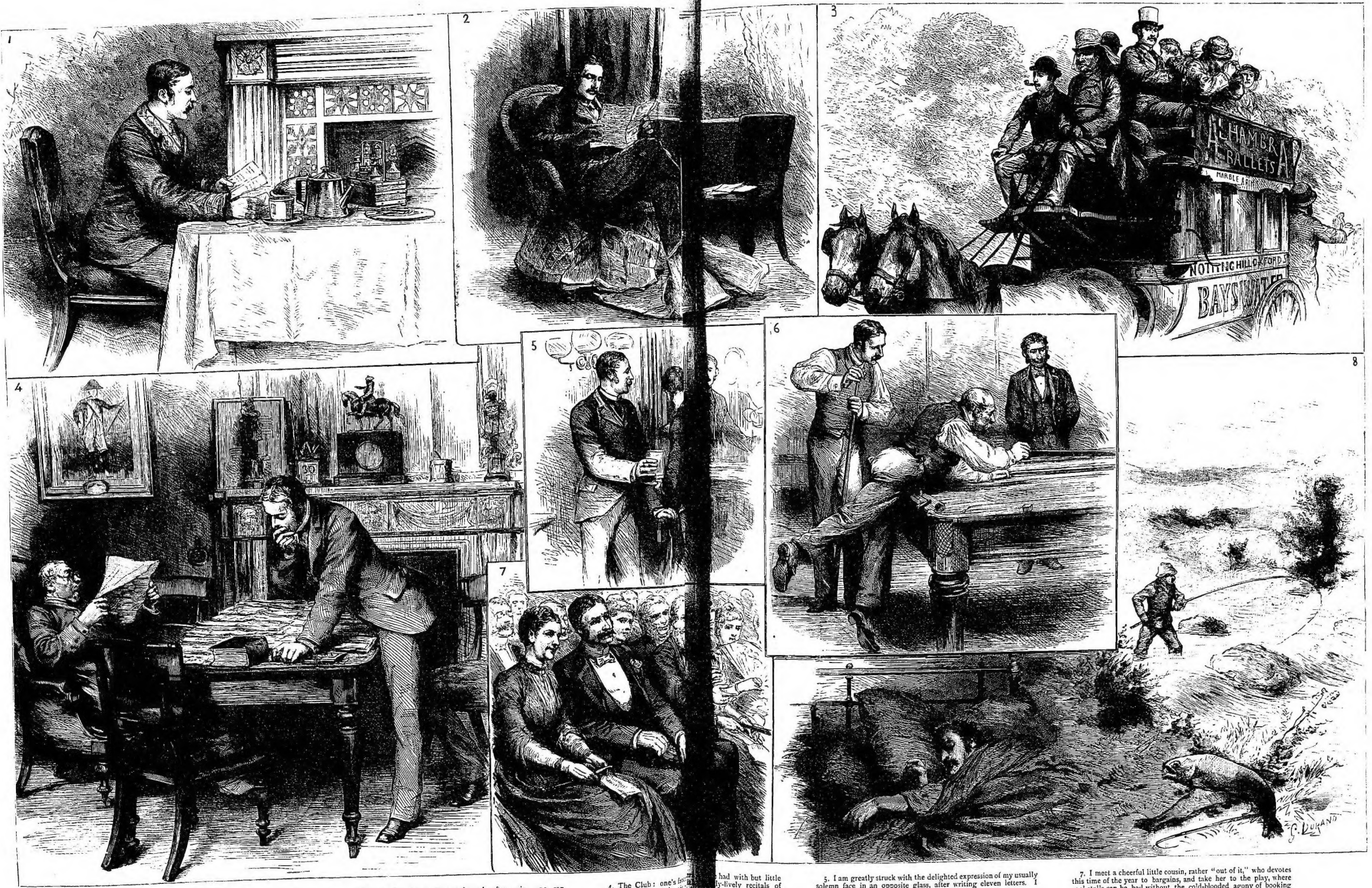
Mr. F. Banfield's "Great Landlords of London" (Spencer Blackett), reprinted from the *Sunday Times*, discloses a state of things which may well make the typical Irish landlord wither up with envy. Fancy Lord Portman being able to extract a million-and-a-quarter, in fines, &c., out of the tenants whose leases ran out this year! The Irish tenant can live five years in a League hut, kept from absolute starvation by League funds; but to the West-End tradesman eviction literally means "a sentence of (commercial) death;" he therefore stays and pays a ground-rent, the increase in which is due to his own industry. Of course he would have Mr. Chamberlain with him in any attempt to divert some of this "unearned increment" from those who "neither toil nor spin," were not Mr. Chamberlain too busy in helping the Irish landlords to attend to what is going on in London.

The fourth and last volume of Mr. Taunton's "Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses" (Sampson Low), covering as it does the period between 1842 and 1870, is even more interesting than its predecessors. In them the likenesses had to be taken on trust; but there are plenty of racegoers to whom the features of Thormanby and Blair Athol, Gladiator and Lord Lyon (winners, like Ormonde, of the triple crown), Blue Gown and Kingcraft are quite familiar. One need not have "come to forty year," moreover, to have been one of the Epsom crowd that snowy day in '67 when the outsider, Hermit, won the Blue Riband of the Turf for Mr. Chaplin. Besides, Hermit still lords it at Blankney in spite of his four-and-twenty years, so it is still possible to compare him with his counterfeit presentment. Among the supplementary illustrations are portraits of Judge Clark (father of the late, and grandfather of the present holder of the name and title), and of George Stubbs, R.A., the celebrated horse-painter. Most of the portraits in this volume are by the Herrings and Harry Hall, and it is interesting to note the contrast between their handiwork and that of some of their predecessors as exhibited in the rocking-horse-like animals of the last century. Mr. Taunton is to be congratulated upon the successful result of his twenty years' labour. These handsome volumes will doubtless obtain an honoured place, next, perhaps, to those of "The Druid" (to whom Mr. Taunton gracefully acknowledges his obligations), in many a sportsman's library.



"ULU: AN AFRICAN ROMANCE," by Joseph Thomson and Miss Harris-Smith (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), ought not to be hastily avoided, on account of its sub-title, by novel readers who are weary *ad nauseam* of everything African. It is far too good a piece of work to deserve to suffer from the glut of the African fiction-market. One good point about it is that it never runs into greater marvels than the people themselves supply, which are amply sufficient for adventurous interest without any help from fancy. Starting from Kilimanjaro, the reader is carried, in the company of an exceedingly attractive hero and heroine, into the country of the Masai, among whom few people would be disposed to find themselves in sober earnest. The strange customs of savage fray, and still





1. Among the consolations of the Dead Season is the absence of the usual shoal of R.S.V.P.'s and letters. No difficulty now in choosing which invitations to accept and which to reject.  
2. After Breakfast: time to read long letters from those we now remember, although they do not always Season in Town—and are not at all points "swagger" and *comme-il-faut*.

3. The morning being crisp and cool, after rain, one can enjoy the cheap luxury of riding on a "bus," at leisure, without glancing furtively at the various houses and clubs in Piccadilly, and the passing carriages and figures at Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane.

4. The Club: one's list of previous night's dinner, the "Dailies" resume their place in reserve, after an ostentatious luncheon table is also free.

5. I am greatly struck with the delighted expression of my usually solemn face in an opposite glass, after writing eleven letters. I regret that it is forbidden to tip club servants.  
6. There is no difficulty about billiard-tables—no row of expectant critics—and I play a rollicking game with Old Burleigh, and let him win; 'tis about his only chance in the year.

7. I meet a cheerful little cousin, rather "out of it," who devotes this time of the year to bargains, and take her to the play, where cool stalls can be had without the cold-blooded agony of booking weeks before. We laugh immoderately.  
8. In bed—two hours earlier than usual—to dream of ten days hence.

# THE DEAD SEASON—LAST MAN IN TOWN



more savage feast, are described with strikingly picturesque vigour—nobody can complain of any lack of exciting incident. But the novel has a deeply pathetic interest also, centring round the little Mehaga girl, Ulu. We shall not injure the effect by explaining its nature, even though the experienced reader will not proceed very far without foreseeing the inevitable result of Gilmour's romantic notion of a soul in the savage maiden. Probably many persons will sympathise with us in a lingering wish that the charming Miss Kennedy had never come to disturb Gilmour in his attempt to escape from civilisation. The novel is admirably written, is agreeably free from descriptions and beast-killing (barring a lion and a buffalo), and, in its remarks upon European influence, commercial or missionary, is eminently sensible. From this point of view the authors are not very encouraging; but they may fairly claim to have looked facts in the face, and no policy can be more fatal than that of hurry, and of thinking that a few generations can suffice for changing native virtues and vices into European ones. None of the strictures, moreover, are put offensively; and the authors, and their readers, are to be congratulated upon a work which is not only interesting, both for its wealth of adventure and for its pathetic plot, but is also of real value as a contribution to African literature.

"Love's Labour Won," by James Grant (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), would obviously have been improved could it have had the advantage of its author's revision. But even had it been cleared of its Malapropisms and its bad spelling, it would scarcely have been worth publication—indeed, posthumous stories very seldom are. Without its author's name upon the title-page, it might be taken for the first work of some very little schoolgirl of average ability. It deals mainly with the flirtations of some exceedingly beautiful young-ladylike officers; with the conventional woes of a Melanie who is persecuted into marrying a rich, elderly baronet instead of a poor but lovely captain christened Montagu; with a rather naughty coquette; with dress; and with a wicked uncle who plays tricks with a letter-bag. There are copious platitudes, chiefly sentimental, apparently dragged out of an album, and a little sketch of the last Burmese war, compiled from newspapers and books of travel. The interest is anything but great, and the three volumes, which might easily have been compressed into one, take a terribly long time to read. When the novel is once laid down, it requires some effort of the will to take it up again.

For once we must break through the usually sound practice of not entering into the details of a story. The central figure of "A Martyr to Pride," by Walter Stanhope, described as "A Dramatic Romance of the Present Day" (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice of England. He has a wife, and a son at Eton. The wife, in order to separate herself from her husband, falsely pretends to be unfaithful to him; whereupon the Lord Chief Justice divorces her and disowns his son, who takes another name, and becomes a distinguished senior major in the German army. Hearing that his wife is going to marry again, the Lord Chief Justice goes into the country to shoot her intended bridegroom, who is so frightened that he tumbles into the sea on the wedding-day, and is drowned. The lady joins her son in Germany, and desires him to take his father's name. But the Lord Chief Justice is still up to them. He pretends that the church where she married him is burned down, together with all evidence of the marriage save a copy of the certificate, which he has himself destroyed. Not believing his father, the Major, instead of getting another copy at Somerset House, tries to possess himself of the certificate by a burglary, in the course of which he shoots a policeman, and is in consequence tried before his own father for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. But the Lord Chief Justice, discovering him to be his son, promptly obtains his pardon, has him brought home from the gaol in a cab, gives a receipt for him to the warder who brings him, and then falls down dead. We have given the outlines of this plot as the best comment on a story which, as we have said enough to show, will be found very funny indeed.

"Signor I," translated by the Baroness Langenau, from the Italian of Salvatore Farini (1 vol.: Alexander Gardner), does not help to redeem contemporary Italian fiction from the charge of being exceedingly seldom worth translating. By "Signor I" is not meant any Roman numeral, except in the proverbial sense of "Number One," the "I" being that unconscious *Ego* who is so often pronounced in those people who are the most prone to find fault with the selfishness of others. In short, the story is a little sermon against selfishness, as illustrated by the case of a worthy Professor at Milan, who is led, in an exceedingly clumsy and unlikely way, to find out that the selfishness from which he suffers is his own, and not that of other people. Of course, with a story like this, the whole question is how it is done; and, in the case of "Signor I," the only possible answer is that it is done very stupidly indeed. Intended to be simple and pathetic, it is unsympathetic and affected, and the practical joke which converts the Professor would only have made the least selfish of men commit justifiable assault upon its perpetrators. The translator has executed her share of the work well.

"A Book of Sketches of the London Slums," by James Greenwood ("The Amateur Casual"), requires little more than bare announcement. "Handsome Jack," with other stories (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), is precisely what would be expected from its title and its authorship, and all expectations raised by these will be amply fulfilled. The stories are in the main very gloomy, very unlike reality, and exceedingly like one another. But they have a certain effectiveness, due to long experience in their production, which will please people who like to believe that the slums are the home of romance, and prefer their romance coloured high, and are indifferent to anything like fine handling.



MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A tenor will find "Tell Me, Beloved," words from the German of Heine, by H. Varley, B.A., music by Edith Swepstone, a melodious medium for declaring his love.—"Twelve Original Voluntaries" for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, by Arthur W. Marchant (Mus. Bac., Oxon.), are well calculated to meet the steadily increasing demand for fairly easy music of this school.—No. III. of "The Royal Music Books," which forms a choice, extensive, and varied collection of popular and national melodies by composers of all nations, "contains seven easy pieces that will probably please the young folks better than did its predecessor (No. II.) which consisted of six easy rondos," and certainly was more calculated to cultivate the taste of young students.—Three tuneful pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are: "Marche Triomphale" by Henri Coupé; "Cleora Minuet" by William Smallwood; and "Fascination Gavotte" by Ernest H. Smith.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"Short Settings of the Office for the Holy Communion" for parochial and general use, composed by George J. Bennett, edited by G. C. Martin. These services will be found quite within the capabilities of an ordinary choir, and will prove a useful addition to an organist's library.—The same may be said of "Supplemental Hymn Tunes, Kyries, Doxologies, and Chants," by the Rev. William Windle, M.A.—"Lord Ullin's Daughter," one of Thomas Campbell's most stirring

poems, has been well set to music by Hamish McCunn as "A Ballad for Chorus and Orchestra," and translated into Tonic Sol-Fa notation by W. G. M'Naught. No. 584 of Novello's "Tonic Sol-Fa Series" is the "Et Resurrexit," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." No. 585 is "April," a four-part song, words by Phil Robinson, music by Charles Salaman; a bright and taking composition. No. 586, a four-part song, is taken from the story of "Harold Erle," set to music by William Bendall. The two last-named may be had in staff notation.—A song of more than ordinary merit is "There is a Shadow," by M. W. Balfe. Nos. CI. and CII. of "Original Compositions for the Organ," are respectively "Postludium in F," by Algernon Ashton, a clever and thoughtful composition; and "Postlude in C minor," by D. C. Heap, a really masterly work, well worthy the attention of advanced organists. A very welcome gift to a finished violinist will be "Six Pieces for the Violin," with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by A. C. Mackenzie. Excellent practice will be found in this collection.—There is talent and technical knowledge displayed in "Thème et Variations for the Pianoforte," composed by Margaret de Pachmann (née Miss Oakley). We commend this excellent study to the attention of advanced students.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—A bright and stirring duet for mezzo-soprano and tenor is "Outward Bound," written and composed by Vernon Stuart and Stanislas Elliot.—Two pleasing songs of the tender passion are "Our Love," written and composed by Leslie Trowbridge, and "Just as of Yore, Love," words by H. W. Mence, music by W. Gearon Laurens.—A graceful sirenade for a tenor is "Whispering Winds," written and composed by Owen Thompson and Thomas Nelson.—"Away, Far Away," is an attractive and very original song; words by Horace Whyte; music by Edith Marriott; it is published in E and in D.—A merry and catching little song is "As I went down to Richmond Town," written and composed by F. W. Deane; it is well adapted as an encore after a more serious song.—Three very good duets for violin and pianoforte by Franz Leideritz are well worthy the attention of amateur players; they are respectively "In Vain," a dreamy nocturne, "Shadow Valse," and "Slavonski Mazurka."

No. X. of "The Violinist's Album of Original, Classical, Operatic, and Popular Duets for the Violin and Pianoforte" is a spirited "Polacca" by Hermann Sachs.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

RATHER a well imagined story is "Perla, a Legend of Tequendama," by Edward White Bewlay (Wyman), although the riding-rhyme in which the greater portion of it is told is at times painfully suggestive of burlesque. An old white man, who has the magical power of living two thousand years, has a beautiful young bride, Perla, with whom he goes out fishing on a seaweed raft from their home in the island of St. Borondon—query *Brandan*? This was somewhere about the time of the Trojan war, which confuses one's hagiology a little. However, they get caught in the Gulf Stream and carried to South America, where friendly Indians take them up to a great hollow in the mountains, the present site as it would seem of Bogota. After a time Perla falls in love with the chief, whose mistress tries to poison her, but is pardoned; whereupon she determines to revenge herself upon the whole community. With this intention she destroys the dam of an upper mountain lake, which rushes down and fills the populous hollow; but it so happened that those she particularly wished to kill had gone up the mountain that day, and, in company with her husband the Snowbeard, catch her at her nefarious work. Snowbeard promptly banishes Perla to the moon, they drain off the water, and all ends well. But, by the bye, did Columbus reach that part of the South American continent?

## An Ascent of the Cameroons

(Continued from page 300)

they appear to have done. In fact I should not call the climbing of the High Peak of the Cameroons (provided you have reached its base, in which lies the real difficulty) a more serious matter than the ascent of Dunkerry Beacon, or some of the North Devon hills. It took me about half-an-hour to reach the topmost peak of the summit, and here I found myself standing on a narrow ridge (perhaps ten feet in least width), with a yawning descent on each side. All along this ridge there was a complete covering of vegetation to the very apex of the Peak, consisting principally of the pretty blue flower, which I took to be a kind of *Veronica*, "ever-lasting," and *Senecio*, with several short grasses, and a perfect wealth of golden moss, which formed a soft carpet for the feet. Looking over the edge of the Peak, I saw that there was a bare descent of purple-red clinkers lying for some distance down its outer side. This it was which formed that strange red belt in the colouration of the mountain, noticeable even from a distance of fifteen miles. On the very summit of the peak I noticed two small cairns of stones. Under one, close to the edge of the precipitous slope, was a big champagne bottle half embedded in the earth. I could read through the glass the writing on the paper it contained, which turned out to be an announcement in Latin that "Stephanus Rogozinski, Leopoldus Janikowski, Poloni, et Hugonus Zöller, Germanus," had ascended the mountain on some day (date illegible) in December, 1884. In the other cairn was a tin box wherein was placed a paper announcing in Swedish, German, and English that Messrs. Ljungstedt and Knutson had also made the ascent in February, 1886. Not having a tin or bottle handy, I did a rather cuckoo-like trick, by writing my name, nationality, and the date of my ascent on a piece of paper, and putting it away in the Swedes' tin, in company with their own proclamation. Then I replaced the tin under the cairn, and proceeded to business. The air was delightfully still, and the temperature, at 5.45 P.M., 48 deg. Fahrenheit, so I had little difficulty in boiling my thermometer, which, for greater accuracy, I did twice. Water boiled at 188 deg. Fahrenheit, which, properly computed, with the corrections for temperature, gave the height above the sea of this summit of the Cameroons Mountains as 13,508 feet. This estimate was a careful one, and although it makes the altitude of this great volcano less than previous estimations (13,760 feet being the accepted one), I am inclined to believe it is more likely to be exact, as the other calculations of the height were very hurriedly made.

When I had finished my observations for altitude, I proceeded to make a rapid sketch of the strange triple crater which formed the culminating height of the Cameroons Mountains. Roughly speaking, this great mass consisted of one large central crater and two subsidiary ones, with possibly others traceable on the slopes of the northern sides. Round the big central crater ran an irregular ridge or rim of greatly varying breadth and elevation, rising into three principal summits of almost equal height, the central one, facing nearly due south, being considered the highest to all who have yet ascended it. It is just possible that the western peak of the crater may be found, by accurate determination, to exceed in elevation the central summit, but to judge by appearances it is not so. I should have liked on this occasion to have decided the question, but by the time I had finished my work on the central peak it was six o'clock, and the sun was setting; I therefore feared to be benighted on these precipitous heights if I attempted to visit the western summit, consequently I deferred the attempt till another opportunity, intending to return on the morrow.

From the summit of this mountain I had a view which, in magnificence and extent, can hardly be paralleled in the world. The sun, too, was just setting, and his rays bathed all the vast expanse of earth, sea, and sky in a tender, rosy mist, while the mossy slopes of the mountain-side were turned to a refulgent gold. As I commenced my descent over this thick carpet of moss it really seemed as though my feet were plunging through some Oriental fabric of priceless value, woven of gold-thread, and I felt some compunction at the long tear made by my headlong course. If I had taken over half-an-hour to ascend the peak, I think I occupied but little more than five minutes in the descent. It was a most exhilarating sensation, this rapid gliding, sliding, striding over soft moss, and clean, crisp cinder-dust down the steep slope, and the momentum acquired was so great, that I seemed to take flying leaps over any obstacle involuntarily, as though I had no control over my limbs. At length, when the incline grew more gradual, I plunged into a virgin bed of cinder-dust, and on this unstable soil my speed was soon slackened.

By the time I had reached the base of the High Peak the glow of the sunset had faded, and all surrounding nature was steeped in a dull drab obscurity, which, however, when the crescent moon gained in power, changed into the confused light and shade and dim outlines of a badly-taken photograph. I congratulated myself on the clearness of the sky, as if I had been surrounded by mists it would have been almost impossible to find my way back into camp. As it was, I hurried over cinder-beds, and tussocky grass, and the crumbling ridges of the lava streams, in a desperate longing to regain the cheerful surroundings of my encampment, picturing to myself—as an incentive to a rapid progress—the splendid supper and the sound sleep with which I would crown this adventurous day. As long as I passed by features of interest or marked character on my homeward route, which I remembered to have noticed when making the ascent, I had little difficulty in retracing my steps along the identical track I had followed earlier in the day, but when I quitted the lava streams and the bases of the big groups of craters and found myself wandering among low, grass-clad foothills without distinctive features, I seemed to lose my bearings, and although I knew myself to be near my camp, yet I could not decide which direction to follow. I sat down to rest and consider, and when I had recovered breath I began to shout, hoping to be answered by a cry from my men, which would indicate to me the locality of the encampment. No answer, however, but a weird echo reverberating among the craters followed my almost plaintive yells. I then thought of my compass, for I remembered that the tent was pitched due south of a prominent hill just behind me. Alas! my compass had inadvertently been left behind on the top of the mountain, also an orange which I had carried with me to alleviate thirst. At this moment I far more regretted the loss of the orange than that of the compass, for I suffered from a raging thirst, and had no water. Failing the aid of the compass, I tried to determine the cardinal points of the starlit heavens above me. The moon was in the zenith, so she was no good. The majority of the stars I could not in my remembrance identify with any point of the compass. My chief resource, the Southern Cross, was absent—had not yet risen, and therefore I cast about me in vain for some means of ascertaining the exact direction of the south. I clambered up with difficulty to the top of the round hillock behind me, and looked over all the surrounding landscape for the smoke of my camp fire, but none was visible. Evidently the men had gone to sleep, and let the fire out. But while gazing in despair over the monotonous ridges and hillocks sleeping in the pale moonlight I suddenly made out the faintly-indicated mass of Fernando Po suspended (seemingly) in the sky. I knew the peak of this island lay nearly south-west of the heights on which I then was, so keeping it on my right-hand, I walked boldly forward southwards. I must have passed quite close to my camp, but I saw nothing, and after wandering on for hours, perpetually climbing and descending ridges of crumbling stones till I sometimes dropped exhausted on the ground, I came to the conclusion I had completely lost my way; moreover, my aneroids showed me that instead of descending I had begun to ascend again, for they marked an elevation of over 11,000 feet. Sometimes, crushed with fatigue, I thought of laying myself down under the sparse cover of some *genista* bushes, and sleeping till daylight, but the frosty coldness of the air and the sodden condition of my clothes, soaked with the heavy dew, made me dread lest in so doing I should invite a severe chill. Besides, I knew that in the morning mists always arise and veil the mountain, and I should consequently be even more incapacitated for finding my way than under these clear moonlit skies. Accordingly, giving up all hope of discovering my camp, I determined to descend the mountain-side till I should light upon a native path which would lead me somewhere, and enable me to procure food, water, and a guide. Accordingly I began to go down, down, down, sometimes walking, sometimes rolling over and over, bruising my sides and scratching my hands, at other times cautiously descending precipitous slopes backwards, on all fours, clutching at branches of shrubs and stout grass stems to ease my descent. It so happened that, by some unaccountable mistake, I had turned nearly due east instead of to the south, and consequently I was now descending the mountain at its steepest slope. So rapid was my descent, that in less than two hours I had come down from 11,000 to 6,000 feet in altitude, and I thus found myself in a much warmer atmosphere on the verge of the great forest. Here I stopped. It was midnight, and the moon, that had so long served as a lamp to my feet, had sunk behind the great shoulder of the mountain. It would have been useless and dangerous to venture any farther down this steep descent without light to guide me, so I crept into a little cranny among the rocks and waited for the dawn.

Although I was terribly thirsty, and faint with hunger and fatigue, and although my wet clothes made me cold and clammy, I forgot all my miseries in the sublime spectacle of the sunrise. First, about five o'clock, the eastern sky began to change from purple to green. Then the stars in the Orient slowly faded in the growing light, though their lamps still lingered in the gloomy West and in the blue-black zenith. A low belt of cloud suspended over the wide plain, along its eastern rim, became lined with gold, then copper-red, then flame-colour. The features of all the vast landscape became clearly visible. The wandering rivers seemed erratic veins of silver in the wide expanse of greenish-purple plains which derived a velvety bloom from their dense covering of unbroken forest. The distant sea was a pale green-gray, and the purple islands and peninsulas were bordered with a thin white line where the surf of the Atlantic broke against their rocky coasts. At my feet was the verge of the great forest, its component trees slowly emerging from dusky indefiniteness into clear, sharp detail.

A large, frothy cloud was mounting from the green valleys, gathering volume as it sucked in all the mists that clung about the forests, and as it rose it caught the first rays of the hidden sun, and for five minutes or so its snowy, foamy surface became bathed in a flood of rich, rose-tinted light; then it reassumed its normal white and grey. All at once, with a leap, the golden ball of the sun shot up from the cloud layers, and it was full day. From far, far away in the valleys, whence ascended now thin blue columns of smoke from the invisible habitations of man, rose the faint, confused sounds of awakened life, the clamour of tongues (women's, doubtless), the crowing of cocks, and the lowing of cattle. I arose with an involuntary shiver, and limped down the mountain-side till I fell into a path, which after many divagations eventually led me to my permanent settlement of "Hunter's Hut."

II. II. JOHNSTON



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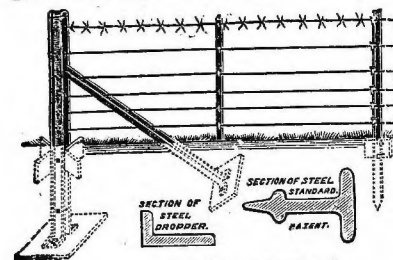
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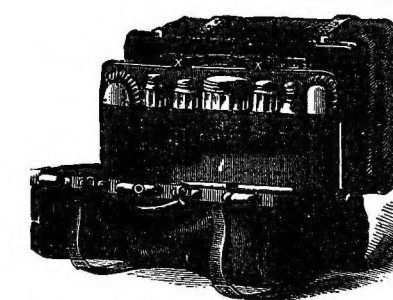
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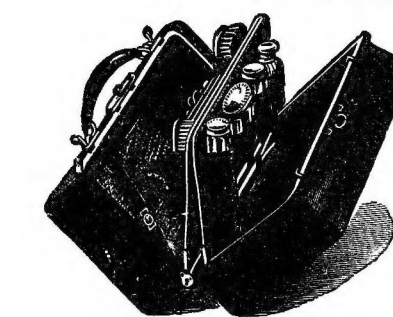
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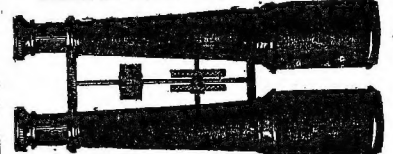


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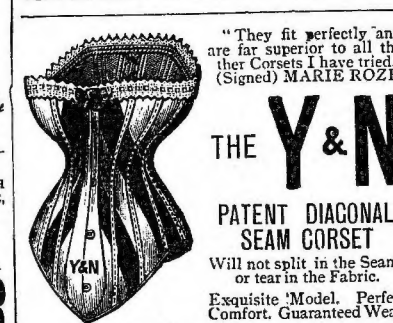
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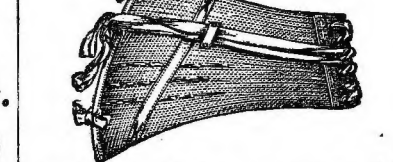
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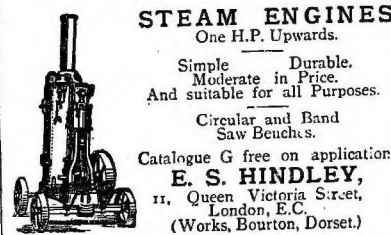
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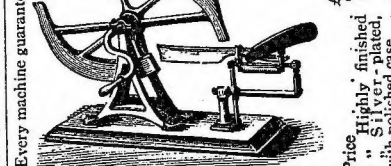
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